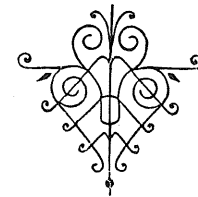




# *HYMN TUNES*

COMPOSED BY

J. STAINER.



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## PREFACE.

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I HOPE it will be distinctly understood that this little book is a collection of hymn-tunes, and not in any sense a Hymnal. (The only object in printing the words to the tunes is to show the general character of the thoughts which suggested their musical setting.) A hymn-tune is, or ought to be, essentially a vehicle of the spirit of the words; it is unfair, therefore, to judge of its worth when divorced from them. In nearly every case the tunes are here associated with the words to which they were originally set.)

I am afraid that some of those into whose hands this collection of tunes may fall will call me to task for having composed such a large number of them. I must plead in excuse that, almost without exception, they have been written at the request of musical and clerical editors and personal friends. If those who thus prompted me to compose hymn-tunes were leading me into an evil course, I can only say they have added the still greater unkindness of condoning my offence by taking the tunes into constant use. Amongst the earliest of such requests were those made in 1872-75 by the music committee of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." No greater privilege have I ever had than that of having, on that committee, been a co-worker with the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes, Dr. W. H. Monk, the Rev. Sir Henry Baker, and the Rev. G. W. Huntingford. All of these have been called to their rest. Mr. Huntingford, whose amiability and tact veiled the true power of his influence, passed away while these pages were in the printers' hands. The instructive and interesting conversations which took place at our meetings, during the re-casting of the original "Hymns Ancient and Modern, with Appendix," will always be amongst my most valued memories.

It is impossible to speak of Dr. Dykes without enthusiasm; he devoted his musical genius (for genius he certainly had) entirely to the service of the Church, with the splendid results with which we are all happily so familiar. Dr. Monk was not less imbued with a keen sense of musical fitness and the wants of a congregation; hence the great success and value of his tunes.

Encouraged by the kindly words of two such musicians, I confess that I plunged deeply into the fascinating study of hymnody, and have lost no opportunity of employing myself as a humble labourer in a sphere congenial and dear to me from the time of my childhood.

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X (It requires some courage at the present moment to announce oneself as a disciple of Dykes, because modern hymn-tunes are likely to have to pass through the fire of severe criticism. They are, it is said, "sentimental" and "weak"; these epithets are mild and polite compared to many others hurled against them. No doubt many tunes that are over-sweet may, after twenty-five years' use, begin to cloy. But it must not be forgotten that the critics of hymn-tunes nearly always fall into the insidious snare of judging of the old by the best specimens, and of the modern by the worst.) Out of the many hundreds of those early English tunes which composers are often urged to imitate, probably not more than a score are familiar to us, and these have been carefully selected by a long succession of admirers who have sifted every available source; and yet these are held up as proofs of the general merit of the heap of worthless rubbish from which they have been extracted; moreover, it must not be forgotten that of these choice examples probably not half-a-dozen are given in their original form. Of the middle period of English tunes, about another score are in use: of Plain-song, old French, Genevan, and German tunes probably less than fifty appear in popular collections.

It is evident that the modern tunes in our hymnals far outnumber the representatives of older schools; but how can it be otherwise, considering the immense number of hymns which have come into existence under the influence of the Wesleys, and during the more recent Church revival? As we of this generation have selected such a very small number of tunes from bygone days, it may be well assumed that posterity will make but a limited selection of the tunes composed during the last fifty years. Therefore, it will not, I hope, be thought that in launching such a book I am over-ambitious; the fact is, I know too well the difficulty of writing a good tune to venture to place any value on my own efforts, and I have always sent them forth with sincere diffidence and humility.)

X (The true estimate of a hymn-tune cannot be found by principles of abstract criticism, or by any internal evidence that it exhibits an artist's handicraft. There is a something, indefinable and intangible, which can render a hymn-tune, not only a winning musical melody, but also a most powerful evangeliser.)

Much the same may be said of many of our most valuable words of hymns. They would fail to satisfy the artificial requirements of the learned poet, but they uplift the heart and emotions as if by some hidden magic. Alas for the day if such a powerful spiritual influence should ever be lightly set aside in order to make room for words and music intended to teach the higher laws of poetry and a cold respectability in music.

I have ventured into the domain of various styles—some are of the older severe character, some are ultra-modern.

A larger supply of Processionals seems to be required by clergy and choirmasters, so I have added several, and amongst them will be found a few of an entirely new type, as far as I know.

The two settings of the *Dies Irae* were written for hymnals, the editors of which did not adopt the same number of verses nor the same text throughout; but I thought it better to give them as they were originally published.

My attention having been called to an unintentional plagiarism in the tune "Redeemed," I have made a slight alteration in the last two lines. A slight alteration has also been made in "Rex Regum."

Bearing in mind the small proportion of tunes which survive any particular period, I cannot hope that many of this collection are destined to enjoy a long existence; but I can honestly say, that if any single one of my tunes should for a few centuries float along the ever-gathering stream of sacred song, even unlabelled with my name, I shall not have lived in vain.

J. S.

I wish to express my grateful acknowledgment of the kindness of the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" in allowing me to print those tunes of mine and the various hymns of which they hold the copyright.

Also, to the following, who have permitted me to print tunes or hymns:—

- Mr. A. C. Ainger, for Nos. 129 and 135; the latter I set at his own request, the former at the request of the Rev. H. W. Tucker, Prebendary of S. Paul's, and Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. His Grace The Archbishop of Armagh, and Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Limited, for Nos. 80, 142, and 149, by the late Mrs. C. F. Alexander. Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Limited, for Nos. 50 and 99, by the late Dr. Bonar. Messrs. Nelson and Sons, for No. 56, by the late Miss Borthwick. The Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne, for No. 141. Miss Frances Brook, for No. 102. The Rev. R. R. Chope, for permission to print a Carol, No. 45, which I wrote for his "Carols for Use in Church." The Rev. S. Childs Clarke, for taking the warmest interest in the progress of my work, and permitting me to print so many of his well-known Hymns, from "Festival and other Hymns" (Skeffington, 1896). Miss Crewdson, for Nos. 100 and 136, by the late Mrs. Jane Crewdson. Messrs. Brown and Co., for No. 101, by J. Dayman. The Rev. Edward Handley, for Nos. 113, 114, and 158, by the late Rev. W. Chatterton Dix. The Rev. A. B. Donaldson, Precentor of Truro, for permission to treat his excellent Processional in a new manner.

Messrs. Houston and Sons, for No. 119, from "Psalms of Life," by Sarah Doudney.

Mrs. Ella Mary Gordon, for Nos. 116 and 117.

Mr. J. A. G. Hamilton, for Nos. 43 and 138, by the late James Hamilton.

Miss Hatch, for No. 69, by the late Edwin Hatch.

Mrs. H. P. Hawkins, for No. 148, from "The Home Hymn Book."

Mr. C. A. Barry, for Nos. 33 and 67, by the late Mrs. C. F. Hernaman, from "The Child's Book of Praise."

The Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, for Nos. 132 and 134.

The Rev. H. W. Hutton, for "Aletta."

The Rev. E. W. Leachman, for his "Story of the Advent of Jesus," No. 26.

Mr. H. A. Martin, for No. 19.

Mr. A. Midlane, for No. 147.

Mrs. Monsell, for No. 131, by the late Dr. Monsell.

The Rev. J. Napleton, for No. 144.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Limited, for No. 47, by the late Francis Turner Palgrave.

Mr. F. S. Pierpoint, for No. 87.

Miss Katherine E. Rogers, for No. 1, by the late Dean Plumptre.

The Very Reverend Arthur Percival Purey-Cust, Dean of York, for Nos. 93, 124, and 139.

The Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson, for Nos. 11, 57, 74, and 126, written specially at my request. Those who are familiar with his beautiful Hymns in the "Meditation on the Crucifixion" will not be surprised at my pleasure in finding myself once more entrusted with his sacred lyrics.

Mr. Horace Smith, for Hymns Nos. 32, 66, 73, and 75, taken from his volume of Poems (Macmillan, 1897). I feel much honoured in being the first musician allowed to set such admirable words to music for congregational use.

The Rev. S. J. Stone, for No. 55.

Mr. J. F. Swift, for No. 22.

The Rev. Dr. Stephenson for "Rex Regum," which was composed for the Queen's Jubilee Festival of "Dr. Stephenson's Home," at the Royal Albert Hall, 1887.

The Rev. S. Somerville Stobbs, for allowing me to associate to other words a tune, No. 24, which I composed specially for a Hymn written by him at a time of severe domestic affliction.

The Rev. U. R. Thomas, for No. 95, by the late Dr. Thomas.

Mr. R. Walmsley, for No. 20.

The Rev. F. Whitfield, for No. 84.

Miss M. B. Whiting, for No. 112.

The Bishop of Salisbury, and the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, for Nos. 86 and 153, by Christopher Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln.

His Grace the Archbishop of York, for No. 125.

I am also greatly indebted to Mr. Henry King, formerly an Assistant Vicar-Choral of S. Paul's Cathedral, for a vast amount of patient and laborious work in discovering tunes scattered here and there in so many Hymnals, and preparing the book for press. Only those who have undertaken such a task can realize its difficulty.

J. S.

OXFORD,

July, 1900.

## EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATIONS.

ABBREVIATIONS.	COLLECTION, OR SOURCE OF TUNE.
Baptist Hymnal ..	The Baptist Church Hymnal.
Children's Supp. ..	The Children's Supplement.
Child's Bk. of Pr. ..	The Child's Book of Praise.
Chope's Carols ..	Carols for use in Church.
Church Hymnary ..	The Church Hymnary.
Ch. Miss. Hy. Bk. ..	The Church Missionary Hymn Book.
Ch. Monthly ..	The Church Monthly.
Ch. of Eng. Hy. ..	The Church of England Hymnal.
Christmas Ser. of S... ..	A Christmas Service of Song.
Cong. Ch. Hymnal ..	The Congregational Church Hymnal.
Cong. Mission Hy. ..	The Congregational Mission Hymnal.
Day School Hy. Bk... ..	The Day School Hymn Book.
Eastertide ..	A Service of Song.
Flower Service (a) ..	A Flower Service for Children.
Flower Service (b) ..	A Complete Order of Service for Children.
Harvest Fest. Book ..	Harvest Festival Book.
Home Hymn Bk. ..	The Home Hymn Book.
Hy. Companion ..	Hymnal Companion.
Hymnary ..	The Hymnary.
Hymns A. & M. ..	Hymns Ancient and Modern.
Irons' Pss. & Hymns ..	Irons' Psalms and Hymns.
Lond. Ch. Ch. Assoc. ..	London Church Choir Association, 1875.
Merbecke's Bur. Ser. ..	Merbecke's Burial Service.
New Coll. Hy. ..	New College Hymnal.
New Mitre Hymnal ..	The New Mitre Hymnal.
Notts. Ch. Un. Fest. Bk. ..	Nottinghamshire Choral Union Festival Book.
Novello's Carols ..	Novello's Series of Carols.
Novello's Hymns ..	Hymns in Time of War.
Novello's Sch. S. ..	Novello's School Songs.
Rich. Dist. Ch. Assoc. ..	Richmond and Kingston District Choral Association.
Rugby Hy. Book ..	Rugby School Hymn Book.
Sarum Hymnal ..	The Sarum Hymnal, with proper tunes.
Service for Children... ..	An Order of Service for Children.
S.P.G. Bi-centenary... ..	Bi-centenary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 1900.
Song of Praise ..	The Song of Praise.
Sunlight of Song ..	The Sunlight of Song.
Sup. Hy. & T. Bk. ..	The Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book.
The Crucifixion ..	The Crucifixion. A meditation on the Passion of our Lord.
The Quiver ..	The Quiver.
West. Ab. Hy. Bk. ..	The Westminster Abbey Hymn Book.

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## GENERAL INDEX.

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65	Paschale Gaudium .. ..	7.7.7.7. Hallelujah.	Ch. of Eng. Hy., 132.
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70	Veni .. ..	S.M.	Hy. Companion, 466.
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4	Te Deum laudamus .. ..	Ten 7's.	Day Sch. Hy. Bk., 51.
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31	Day of wrath .. ..	8.8.8.	Ch. of Eng. Hy., 77.
28	Celano .. ..	Six 7's.	Hymnary, 107.
10	Scientia salutis .. ..	11.11.11.5. D.	
126	St. Peter and St. John ..	L.M.	
134	Omnium Dominator .. ..	Four 10's.	Novello's Hymns.
96	Self-sacrifice .. ..	8.6.8.6.8.6.	Day Sch. Hy. Bk., 55.
79	Patience .. ..	C.M.	West. Ab. H. B., 319.
87	Gratias agimus .. ..	Six 7's.	Ch. of Eng. Hy., 477.
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51	Jejunia .. ..	Four 7's.	Hymns A. & M., 89.
51	Venit Hora .. ..	Six 7's.	Church Hymnary, 55.
86	Charity .. ..	7.7.7.5.	Hymns A. & M., 210.
21	Sebaste .. ..	Irregular.	Hymns A. & M., 18.
59	Aletta .. ..	7.7.7.7.5. D.	
153	Iona .. ..	8.7.8.7. D.	Hymns A. & M., 338.
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64 <sup>(2)</sup>	St. Paul (Pt. 2) .. ..	7.7.7.6.	Service for Children.
44	Sudeley .. ..	C.M.	Sup. Hy. & T. Bk., 3.
82	Oxford .. ..	L.M.	Hy. Companion, 288.
113	Adoremus .. ..	L.M.	Children's Supp., 52.
49	Totland .. ..	L.M.	Church Hymnary, 248.
151	Evening Prayer .. ..	8.7.8.7.	Church Hymnary, 601.
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29	Venturus est .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.	
32	Jam fulget Oriens .. ..	11.10.11.10.	
74	Transfiguration .. ..	Four 10's.	
46	St. Paul's .. ..	S.M.	Hymns A. & M., 185.
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62	Woodlynn .. ..	11.10.11.10.	Hymns A. & M., 494.
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91	Ad perennis vitæ fontem .. ..	8.7.8.7.7.7.	Rich. Dist. Ch. Assoc.
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115	Angelina .. ..	9.8.9.8.8.8.	Ch. of Eng. Hy., 239.
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66	Surrexit .. ..	14.13.14.13.	New Coll. Hy., No. 86.
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53	Crux salutifera .. ..	Eight 7's.	Ch. of Eng. Hy., 96.
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7	Raise the Song .. ..	Seven 7's.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assoc.
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56	Dominus misericordiæ	11.10.11.10.10.10.	Cong. Mission. Hy., 145.
47	Following .. ..	S.M.	West. Ab. H. B., 356.
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36	Christmas Day .. ..	Carol	Novello's Carols, 27.
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94	Lynton .. ..	Four 10's.	Cong. Mission. Hy., 142.
55	St. Cyprian .. ..	Four 10's.	Hymns A. & M., 252.
155	The Golden Shore ..	8.7. 12 lines	Day Sch. Hy. Bk., 42.
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90	Credo .. ..	Six 8's.	Hymns A. & M., 174.
22	Protection .. ..	7.6.7.6. D.	Ch. Monthly, Jan., 1898
122	Weep not for Me ..	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.	Ch. Monthly, Jan., 1900
50	Jaazaniah .. ..	7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.	Cong. Ch. Hymnal, 537.
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1

## PROCESSIONAL.

DEUM VIDEBUNT.  
*Joyfully.*

S.M.

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1. REJOICE, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks, and sing! Your glorious banner wave on high, The Cross of Christ your King!	7. With voices full and strong, As ocean's surging praise, Lead forth the hymns our fathers loved, The psalms of ancient days!
2. Bright youth, and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maidens meek: Raise high your free, exulting song! God's wondrous praises speak!	8. Yes! on through life's long path! Still chanting as ye go! From youth to age, by night and day, In gladness and in woe.
3. Yes! onward, onward still, With hymn, and chant, and song, Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle, The hallowed pathways throng!	9. Still lift your standard high! Still march in firm array! [toil As warriors through the darkness Till dawns the golden day.
4. With ordered feet pass on! Bid thoughts of evil cease! Ye may not bring the strife of tongues Within the home of peace.	10. At last the march shall end, The wearied ones shall rest; The pilgrims find their father's house, Jerusalem the blest.
5. With all the angel-choirs, With all the saints of earth, Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rapture, noblest mirth!	11. Then on! ye pure in heart! Rejoice, give thanks, and sing! Your glorious banner wave on high, The Cross of Christ your King.
6. Your clear hosannas raise, And alleluias loud! [float, Whilst answering echoes upward Like wreaths of incense-cloud!	12. Praise Him, Who reigns on high, The Lord Whom we adore! The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God for evermore!

( 1 )

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

A

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.  
*Quickly and with spirit.*

7.6.7.6. D.



1.  
Is thy soul athirst for God?  
Wouldst thou win Salvation?—  
Thou must have the heavenly Faith,  
Taught each tribe and nation.  
If thy heart receive it not,  
Purely keep and cherish;  
Know, the unbeliever's lot  
Surely is to perish.

2.  
Catholic that Faith remains,  
Sung through all the ages;  
God is One, and God is Three,  
Known by saints and sages.  
But the Persons of the Three  
Are confounded never;  
Nor the Substance, all Divine,  
May we dare to sever.

3.  
For the Father sent the Son,  
And the Spirit Supernal;  
Yet the Godhead is but One,  
Equal, co-eternal.  
All the Father hath is Mine—  
(This the First-born sheweth);  
And the Holy Spirit Divine  
Depths of Godhead knoweth.

4.  
God the Father uncreate,  
Of Himself existing;  
In Himself the Son hath life,  
And the Spirit, consisting  
With the Father, and the Son,  
All uncomprehended;  
And, beyond creation's bounds,  
In One Godhead blended.

5.  
Father, on the Eternal Throne—  
In His bosom dwelling,  
Son and Spirit, the Three in One  
Majesty excelling!  
Yet in that eternity,  
One Eternal liveth;  
And to all things that exist,  
Life and being giveth.

6.  
One Uncomprehended God,  
One Supreme, Almighty;  
One not three, in Deity,  
Uncreate and Mighty.  
Father, Thou art God most High;  
Son, Thy Throne abideth;  
God the Spirit, One with Thee;—  
Godhead none divideth.

7.  
Father Lord, the Son is Lord,  
And the Spirit Most Holy;  
Yet not three Lords—only One,  
One Divine Lord, solely.  
Thus the truth in Christ proclaims  
Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Equal Lord, and Equal God;—  
We the faith inherit:

8.  
For such faith is Catholic,  
No three Gods professing;  
Father, Son, and Spirit, each,  
God and Lord confessing;  
God the Father, made of none,  
Unoriginated;  
God the everlasting Son,  
First-Born, uncreated;

9.  
God the Holy Spirit Divine,  
In one Godhead, flowing  
From the Father and the Son,  
Evermore out-going.  
Yet three Fathers there were not,  
Nor three Sons, nor Spirits,  
But The Three are Unity;—  
This the Church inherits.

10.  
In this Trinity, adore  
None before the Other;  
None is greater, None is less  
Glorious than Another.  
Thus repeat we,—Faith in God,  
Father, Son, and Spirit,  
One in Three, and Three in One;  
Who hath ears shall hear it!

11.  
Art thou still athirst for God?—  
Wouldst thou win Salvation?  
Thou must have true Faith in Christ,  
And His Incarnation.  
Faith in Christ as God and Man,  
We can own no other;  
Godhead of His Father had,  
Manhood from His mother.

12.  
Perfect God, and perfect Man,  
Soul and body wearing;  
With the Father One, as God,—  
(That His voice declaring:)  
Yet as Son of Man He owns  
God His Father greater;  
For the perfect Manhood bows  
To the One Creator.

13.  
Thus, the Godhead changes not,  
Though our manhood taking;  
Oneness true, of God and man  
In Christ's Person making;  
God and man in Christ have found  
Union none can sever;  
As our body and our soul,  
Will be man for ever.

14.  
He for our salvation died,  
And to hell descended;  
On the third day rose again,  
Then to heaven ascended.  
On the throne at God's right hand,—  
God the Father's giving,—  
He will sit until He comes,  
Judge of dead and living.

15.  
In their bodies all will rise—  
Every tribe and nation;  
And to Him give up account  
Of earth's long probation.  
They that have done good then pass  
To the joys immortal;  
Sinners hear Him say depart  
To the fiery portal!

16.  
Such is Catholic belief;  
In thy heart, O cherish  
Humble faith in all its truth;  
Lest thou darkly perish!  
Father, Son, and Spirit praise—  
Join the angel's singing:  
Hear the echoes from the past,  
Onwards ever ringing.

## PROCESSIONAL.

ON, BROTHERS ON!  
*With spirit.*

9.9.9.8.9.8.9.8., with Refrain.

## PROCESSIONAL.

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- mf* 1 On, brothers, on to the better land,  
Chanting our songs in triumphal strain,  
Shoulder to shoulder marches our band—  
On, till the golden gates we gain!
- cr.* Forward our steps to the Home beyond,  
Seeking the country yet unseen,  
Where to our hopes shall at last respond  
Glories untold in dazzling sheen.
- ff* On, brothers, on to the better land,  
Chanting our songs in triumphal strain,  
On, ever onward the march of our band,  
"Onward," our pilgrim song's refrain!
- mf* 2 Led by the pillar of cloud by day,  
Israel journeyed amid the wild;
- dim.* Nightly the fiery pillar's ray  
March of that lonesome host beguiled:
- cr.* God for their Guardian, God their Guide,  
God 'gainst the foe for His people fought,  
God at the Jewish warriors' side—  
They to their promised land were brought.
- ff* On, brothers, on to the better land, &c.
- f* 3 Onward the march of the Christian host,  
On through the world's dread wilderness;  
Christ for our Captain, His name we boast,  
Jesus the Lord our Righteousness;
- cr.* Under His banner sworn to fight,  
Journey we onward day by day;  
Comrades, we trust in the Victor's might,  
We shall be victors in the fray.
- ff* On, brothers, on to the better land, &c.
- p* 4 Perils may come and the storm-clouds rise,  
Foemen may threaten, snares abound;  
God sets His rainbow in darksome skies,  
Angels our path shall compass round.
- mf* On, let us on, till the march be done,  
Strong in the Leader's strength we stand;
- cr.* Forward we press till the prize be won—  
*rall. pp* Rest, endless Peace—the Fatherland.
- ff* On, brothers, on to the better land, &c.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.

4

## PROCESSIONAL.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Ten 7's.

*Cheerfully.*

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( 6 )

## PROCESSIONAL.

1 COME, O come! in pious lays  
 Sound we God Almighty's praise,  
 Hither bring in one consent  
 Heart and voice and instrument ;  
 Music add of ev'ry kind :  
 Sound the trump, the cornet wind,  
 Strike the viol, sound the lute ;  
 Let not tongue nor string be mute,  
 Nor a creature dumb be found  
 That hath either voice or sound.

2 Let those things which do not live  
 In still music praises give ;  
 Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep  
 On the earth or in the deep ;  
 Loud aloft your voices strain,  
 Beasts, and monsters of the main ;  
 Birds, your warbling treble sing ;  
 Clouds, your peals of thunder ring ;  
 Sun and moon, exalted higher,  
 And bright stars, augment the choir

3 Come, ye sons of human race!  
 In this chorus take your place,  
 And, amid the mortal throng,  
 Be you masters of the song ;  
 Angels and supernal powers,  
 Be the noblest tenor yours,  
 Let in praise of God the sound  
 Run a never-ending round ;  
 That our song of praise may be  
 Everlasting, even as He !

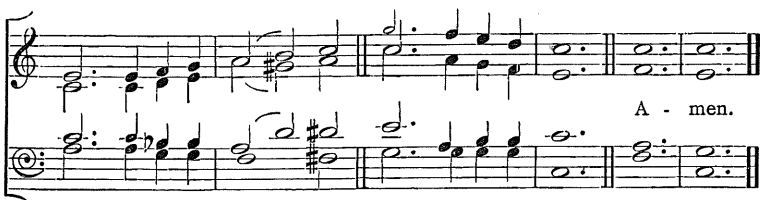
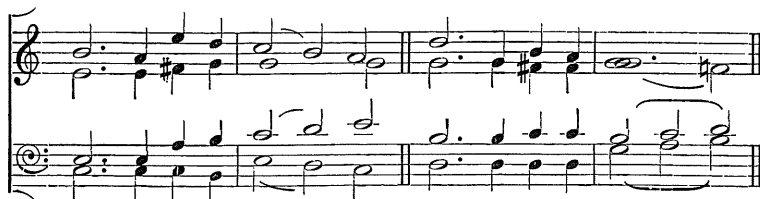
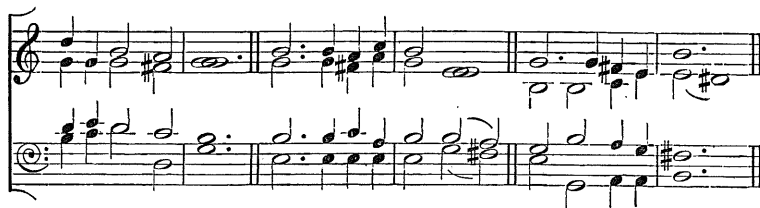
GEORGE WITHER.

( 7 )



WATCHWORD.

6.5., 12 lines.



- 1 FORWARD! be our watchword,  
Steps and voices joined;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind;  
Burns the fiery pillar  
At our army's head;  
Who shall dream of shrinking,  
By our Captain led?  
*f* Forward through the desert,  
Through the toil and fight;  
Jordan flows before us,  
Sion beams with light.
- 2 Forward, when in childhood  
Buds the infant mind;  
All through youth and manhood,  
Not a thought behind;  
Speed through realms of nature,  
Climb the steps of grace;  
Faint not, till in glory  
Gleams our Father's Face.  
*f* Forward, all the life-time,  
Climb from height to height;  
Till the head be hoary,  
Till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,  
Salt of all the earth,  
Till each yearning purpose  
Spring to glorious birth;  
Sick, they ask for healing,  
Blind, they grope for day;  
Pour upon the nations  
Wisdom's loving ray,  
Forward, out of error,  
Leave behind the night:  
Forward through the darkness,  
Forward into light.
- 4 Glories upon glories  
Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared;  
Eye hath not beheld them,  
Ear hath never heard;  
Nor of these hath utter'd  
Thought or speech a word;  
Forward, marching eastward  
Where the Heaven is bright,  
Till the veil be lifted,  
Till our faith be sight.

- 5 Far o'er yon horizon  
Rise the city towers,  
Where our God abideth;  
That fair home is ours:  
Flash the streets with jasper,  
Shine the gates with gold:  
Flows the gladdening river  
Shedding joys untold.  
*f* Thither, onward thither,  
In the Spirit's might;  
Pilgrims to your country,  
Forward into light.
- 6 Into God's high temple  
Onward as we press,  
Beauty spreads around us,  
Born of holiness;  
Arch, and vault, and carving,  
Lights of varied tone,  
Softened words and holy,  
Prayer and praise alone:  
*f* Every thought upraising  
To our city bright,  
Where the tribes assemble  
Round the Throne of light.
- 7 Nought that city needeth  
Of these aisles of stone;  
Where the Godhead dwelleth  
Temple there is none;  
All the Saints, that ever  
In these courts have stood,  
Are but babes, and feeding  
On the children's food.  
*f* On through sin and token  
Stars amidst the night,  
Forward through the darkness,  
Forward into light.
- 8 To the Eternal Father  
Loudest anthems raise  
To the Son and Spirit  
Echo songs of praise;  
To the Lord of glory,  
Blessèd Three in One,  
Be by men and Angels  
Endless honours done:  
Weak are earthly praises;  
Dull the songs of night;  
Forward into triumph,  
Forward into light!

H. ALFORD.

COVENANT.

6.6.8.4. D.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

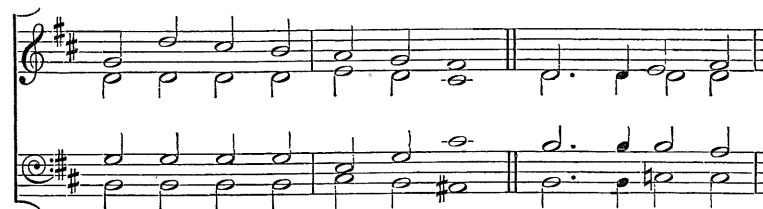
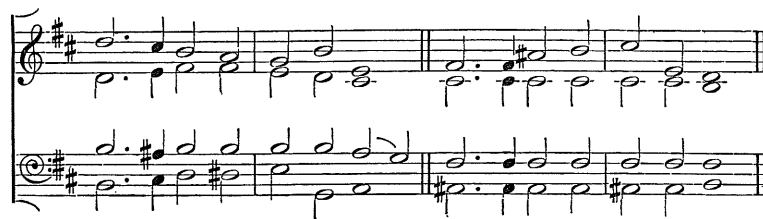
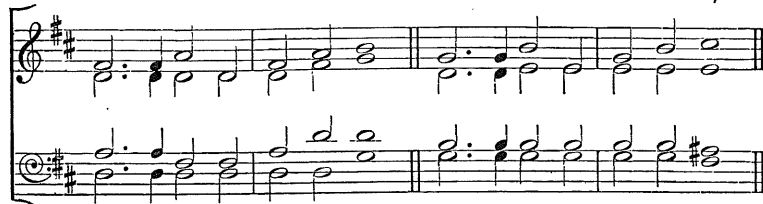
A - men.

1. *f* \* THE God of Abraham praise  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of Love:  
Jehovah, Great I AM,  
By earth and Heaven confest;  
We bow and bless the Sacred  
Name  
For ever blest.
2. The God of Abraham praise,  
At Whose supreme command  
From earth we rise, and seek the  
joys  
At His right Hand:  
*dim.* We all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power;  
*f* And Him our only Portion make,  
Our Shield and Tower.
3. *p* Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
*cr.* To Canaan's bounds we urge our  
way  
At His command.  
The watery deep we pass,  
With Jesus in our view;  
And through the howling wilder-  
ness  
Our way pursue.
4. *mf* The goodly land we see,  
With peace and plenty blest;  
A land of sacred liberty  
And endless rest;  
*p* There milk and honey flow,  
*mf* And oil and wine abound,  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With mercy crown'd.
5. *f* There dwells the Lord, our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world of sin,  
The Prince of Peace:  
On Sion's sacred height  
His Kingdom He maintains,  
And glorious with His saints in  
light  
For ever reigns.
6. \* He keeps His own secure,  
He guards them by His side,  
Arrays in garment white and  
pure  
His spotless Bride:  
With streams of sacred bliss,  
Beneath serener skies,  
With all the fruits of Paradise,  
He still supplies.
7. \* Before the great Three-One  
They all exulting stand,  
And tell the wonders He hath  
done  
Through all their land:  
The listening spheres attend,  
And swell the growing fame;  
And sing, in songs which never end,  
The wondrous Name.
8. \* The God Who reigns on high  
The great Archangels sing;  
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,  
"Almighty King!"  
*f* Who was, and is the same,  
And evermore shall be;  
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,  
*p* We worship Thee."
9. Before the Saviour's Face  
The ransomed nations bow,  
O'erwhelmed at His Almighty  
grace  
For ever new;  
He shows His prints of love,—  
They kindle to a flame!  
And sound through all the worlds  
above  
*p* The slaughter'd Lamb.
10. The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high;  
"Hail! Father, Son, and Holy  
Ghost,"  
They ever cry:  
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!  
(I join the heavenly lays),  
*ff* All might and majesty are Thine,  
And endless praise.
- THOMAS OLIVERS.

\* These verses may be omitted if the Hymn be thought long.

RAISE THE SONG.

Seven 7's.



1.

Shout the praises of the Lord ;  
 Let His Name, by all adored,  
 By each sinner's ear be heard.  
 Blend your voices in the choir,  
 Let the tuneful strains aspire,  
 Accents glad that never tire,  
 Telling of the Saviour's Word.

2.

Let each heart its joy outpour,  
 Let each tongue for evermore  
 Christ's great sacrifice make known:  
 Tell how He for sinners died—  
 Christ the Saviour crucified—  
 That with Him we might abide  
 Everlasting round the Throne.

3.

All is joy that reigneth there,  
 Nought is known of grief and care,  
 Peaceful, lasting bliss pervades.  
 O prepare, then, while ye may—  
 Own the great Redeemer's sway,  
 Follow Him where light of day  
 Never darkens, never fades.

4.

Come, ye troubled ; come, ye weak ;  
 Here behold the peace ye seek—  
 Restful happiness in store.  
 Ye your Saviour seeks to greet,  
 Cast your burdens at His feet—  
 Thinking on the judgment-seat,  
 Turn to Christ, and sin no more !

5.

He, belovèd Son of God,  
 Came amongst men ; earth He trod,  
 Lowly dwelling 'midst the poor—  
 Meek and holy, penniless,  
 Seeking only man to bless,  
 Eager love and tenderness,  
 Bounteous mercies to outpour.

6.

Precious more by far than gold  
 Are the wondrous truths He told,  
 Words of all enduring light—  
 Tidings of abounding grace,  
 Telling of that blissful place  
 Gained by those whose footsteps  
 trace  
 Paths of virtue and of right.

7.

Christ incarnate saved us all  
 From the pangs of Satan's thrall—  
 Rescued us from sin's dark fate.  
 Nought of us asks He to-night,  
 This great guerdon to requite,  
 Save to clothe our souls in Light,  
 Sin-redeemed, regenerate.

8.

Lord of all the Universe,  
 Stripping evil of its curse,  
 Robbing dreaded Death of sting !  
 We are pilgrims prone to stray,  
 Guide us on our toilsome way,  
 Till we, in the Realms of Day,  
 Join the just, and hail Thee King !

9.

Saviour of our erring race !  
 Heart of over-teeming grace !  
 King of kings, and Lord of all !  
 Let thy radiant beams of light,  
 Piercing through the gloom of night,  
 Fill our souls with rapt delight,  
 Fitting for the Master's call.

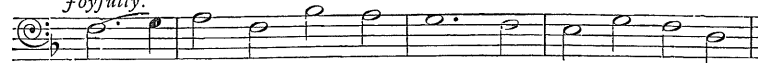
10.

Come, then, Christians, join the  
 Raise aloft the mighty song, [throng,  
 Shout aloud the glad refrain !  
 Steadfast all, in compact band,  
 Christians firm, united stand,  
 Fight for Christ and His bright land,  
 Heart and spirit, might and main.

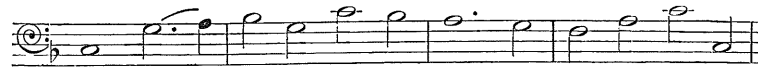
S. B. KING.

CÆLESTIS CURIA.

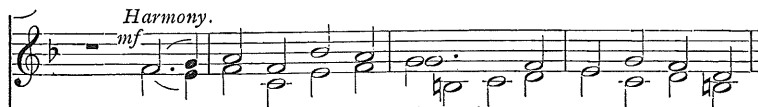
Eight 6's.

*Men only.\*  
Joyfully.*

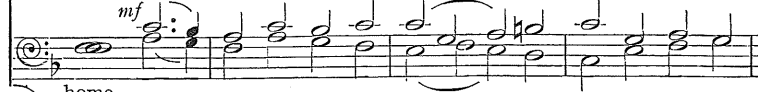
1. To . . Zi - on, state - ly Pile, With joy her chil - dren



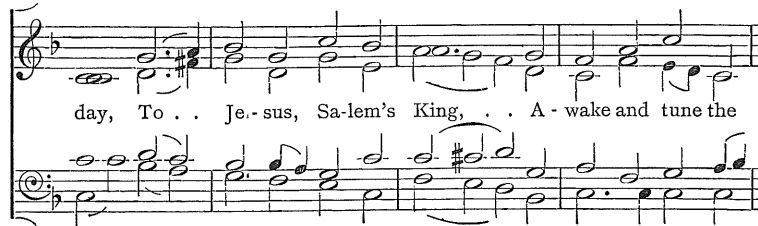
come, Each sa - cred nave and aisle The wist - ful heart's true



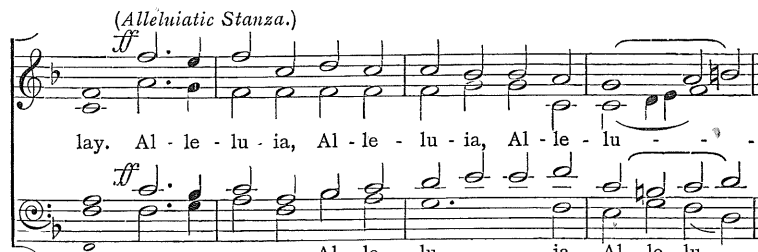
In . . so - lemn se - quence sing . . On this our fes - tal



home.



day, To . . Je - sus, Sa - lem's King, . . A - wake and tune the



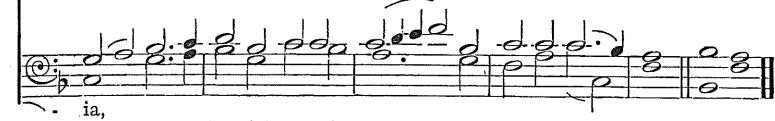
lay. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu -

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu -

\* If accompanied in Unison by a Brass instrument, the player should be silent in the second Stanza, and play the Unison Stanza and the Bass-part of the Alleluistic Stanza, which is the Melody.

(Last verse  
only.)

- ia, . . Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.



- ia,

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2.

*Men only.*

Yea, ready be each heart,  
Awake, O harp and lute!  
Wake, bear your tuneful part,  
Nor strings nor voice be mute.

*Harmony.*

Ye people, clap your hands,  
And with melodious voice  
Ye white-robed minstrel bands,  
In triumph-strain rejoice.

*\*Alleluistic Stanza.*

Alleluia!

3.

The Lord ye glorify  
Is King o'er all the earth:  
Laud ye His Majesty  
O choirs, "in rev'rent mirth;"  
The Holy Church below—  
Her expectation long,  
Doth fairest union show,  
With Heav'n's Choral song—  
Alleluia!

4.

Their life is not yet ours,  
But songs these hosts employ,  
In those celestial bowers  
Amid their ceaseless joy.

What though we dwell apart,  
We strains together raise,  
Fram'd in no earth-born art—  
To swell our notes of praise.  
Alleluia!

5.

In ancient Israel's days  
They bore the ark along,  
And sang 'mid shouts of praise  
† "Hallel"—their festal song,  
To Zion's precincts press  
God's Israël to-day;  
Their garb be Righteousness—  
Of saints the meet array!  
Alleluia!

6.

Thrice Holy Lord, we raise  
Our festal songs to Thee,  
Thine be co-equal praise  
Most Holy Trinity.  
Almighty God may we  
In heart and mind ascend:  
In ages yet to be  
This strain shall have no end.  
Alleluia.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.

\* And so throughout the Hymn, namely, *Men, Harmony, Alleluistic Stanza.*  
† The Paschal Psalms—from cxiii. to cxviii. most probably the "Hymn" sang by our Lord and His Apostles before they "went out to the Mount of Olives."

PROCESSIONAL.

(May be sung in the Key of B flat.)

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

6.5.6.5. D.

*Foyfully. Men only.\**

i. We are come to Zi-on, Ci-ta-del of power, Fortress of our Da-vid,

Strength in Sa-tan's hour: We be-long to Sa - lem, Home of peace and

rest, .. Heaven-ly bet-ter coun-try, Mo-ther of the blest.

Harmony.

Ours the An-gel guardians Heavenly hosts un - told, . . . Ours the great as -

- sem - bly Of the saints en - rolled; . . . Ours the bless-ed

spl - rits Per-fect-ed in peace, Waiting in God's gar - den,

(Alleluatic Stanza.)

Waiting our re - lease. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -

(Melody in Bass.)

\* If accompanied by a Brass instrument, it should play only the Stanza for Men's Voices, and the Bass-part of the Alleluatic Stanza.

PROCESSIONAL.

- lu - ia, . . . Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu -

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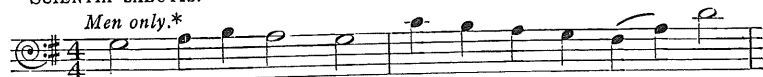
*cr.* 2 Ours the better promise,  
Covenant of grace,  
Ours the Father's glory  
Seen in Jesu's Face;  
Ours the Blood of sprinkling  
In the shrine above,  
*mf* Better far than Abel  
Speaking pardon, love.  
Jesus, Mediator,  
Brother, Priest, and King,  
Author of Salvation,  
Thee the Christ we sing:  
*p* Thou didst suffer gladly  
Stripes, and thorns, and cross,  
All the unknown anguish,  
Bitter shame and loss;  
Alleluia.

*mf* 3 For the joy of reigning  
For the boundless prize  
Of the heav'nly glory  
Set before Thine Eyes;  
For the joy of leading  
Brethren of Thy race,  
Upwards out of evil  
To the Father's Face.  
*f* Word of God Eternal,  
With the Father One  
And the Blessèd Spirit  
While the ages run:  
Through this life of conflict  
Guard us as Thine own,  
*ff* In the great hereafter  
Seat us on Thy Throne.  
Alleluia.

AUG. B. DONALDSON (1890)

PROCESSIONAL.  
(EASTER OR GENERAL.)  
(May be sung in the Key of F.)

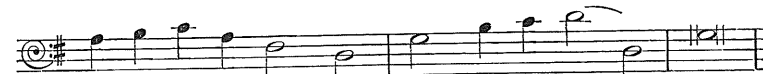
II. II. II. 5. D.

SCIENTIA SALUTIS.  
Men only.\*

1. Day - star on high, bright har - bin - ger of glad - ness,



Pierc - ing the clouds of ig - norance and er - ror, Thou hast dis - persed our



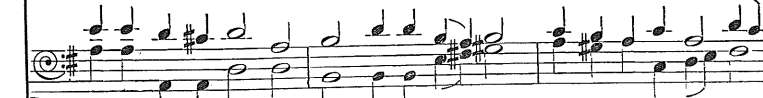
night of sin and sad - ness; Death has no ter - - ror.



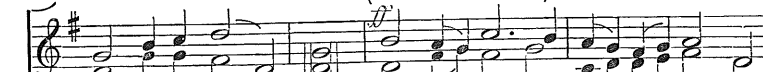
Dark - ness is past, joy cometh with the morning; Hope springs a - new for



sinners without number: Sleep - ers, a - wake! a brighter day is dawn - ing;



(Alleluiatic Stanza.)

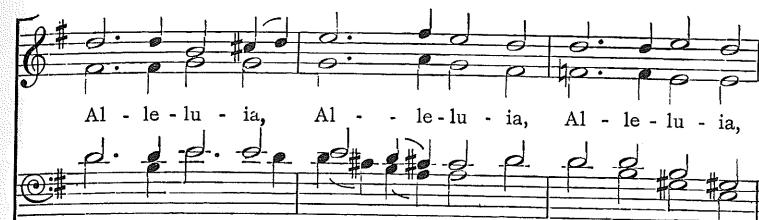


Shake off your slum - ber. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

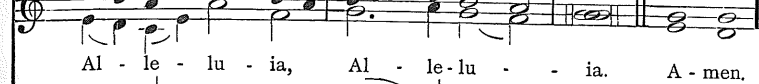


\* This Unison portion and the Bass-part of the Alleluiatic Stanza, may be played throughout on a Brass instrument, but it should be silent in the second portion.

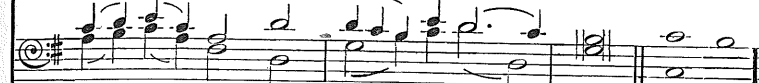
## PROCESSIONAL.



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

(After last  
verse only.)

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - ia. A - men.



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Men.

- 2 Prophets of old spake darkly of this wonder,  
Psalmist and saints have handed on the story:  
Now He is risen, bursting bonds asunder,  
Risen to glory.

Harmony.

Earth's tyrants quail: the mighty make obeisance:  
He hath preferred the innocent and lowly:  
Mercy and truth shine round about His presence:  
His name is Holy.

Alleluiatic Stanza.\*

Alleluia.

- 3 Victor He comes in majesty, revealing  
Promise of life and liberty to mortals:  
Heaven and earth, with hymns of triumph pealing,  
Throw wide their portals.  
Praise Him ye nations, hearts and voices blending;  
Raise high your song; the conqueror advances:  
Praise Him with cymbals, lute and harp attending,  
Praise Him with dances.  
Alleluia.

- 4 Hail Him the Monarch, Ruler of Creation;  
Princes and Powers, bow your heads before Him:  
This is the Lord, the God of our salvation;  
Let us adore Him.  
Lord God of Hosts, great Deity supernal,  
Be Thou our strength, by Thee our steps be guided.  
Father and Son and Spirit co-eternal,  
One undivided.  
Alleluia.

J. F. R. STAINER.

\* And so on throughout.

## PROCESSIONAL.

(EASTER.)

HÆC EST DIES.  
*Quick.*

Four 9's, with Refrain.

*Unison.*

This is the Day which the

*Org.*

*Harmony.*

*Slow.*

Lord hath made; We will re-joice, we will re-joice. A - men.

*senza Ped.*      *Ped.*

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## PROCESSIONAL.

1.

*f* This is the Day which the Lord hath made,  
Power of the Highest o'er death displayed,  
*mf cres.* Angels have answered us: Have no fear,  
*f* Jesus is risen! He is not here.  
*ff* Sing we, sing with exultant voice,  
This is the Day which the Lord hath made  
We will rejoice.

2.

*p* Oh! how the Fisherman's conscience bled,  
Knowing the Master denied was dead,  
*cres.* Oh! how the Fisherman's heart rose free,  
*dim.* Hearing the Risen say "Lov'st thou Me."  
*f* Sing we, sing with exultant voice, &c.

3.

*p* Magdalene sorrowful watched and wept  
Close to the grave where her Lord had slept,  
*cres.* Now at His Feet with a joy untold  
*pp* Falls she adoring to clasp and fold.  
*f* Sing we, sing with exultant voice, &c.

4.

*p* Mary the Mother His Cross beside,  
Saw Him dishonoured and crucified;  
*cres.* Now she rejoices for Heaven's high throne,  
*f-cres.* Waits for her Saviour, her Son, her Own.  
*ff* Sing we, sing with exultant voice, &c.

5.

*ff* This is the Highest, the First of Days;  
Lord Thou art risen mankind to raise,  
*mf* Lord from Thy rising shall joy increase,  
*p dim.* Thou wilt bestow everlasting peace.  
*ff* Sing we, sing with exultant voice, &c.

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

## PROCESSIONAL.

## EASTER.

SURSUM CORDA.

9.9.5.5.9. with Refrain.

*Quickly and joyfully.*

\* Verses 2, 3, 4.

## PROCESSIONAL.

1 UPLIFT your hearts, exult as ye sing  
Of your Lord over death victorious ;  
Now He lives on high  
Nevermore to die,  
Come and sing of His triumph glorious.  
*ff* Uplift your hearts, exult as ye sing  
Of your Lord over death victorious.

2 O death, where now is thy sting so dire ?  
And thy thralldom, O grave, that bound us ?  
Evermore in strife  
Will the Lord of Life  
Cast the arm of His might around us.  
*ff* Uplift your hearts, &c.

3 We take our rest in the grave in peace,  
For the Captain of our salvation  
Has achieved to-day  
For His Church always,  
Of her life this the consummation.  
*ff* Uplift your hearts, &c.

† In strains of joy holy anthems raise,  
Of His might and His mercy sing ye  
Highest notes of praise,  
On this Day of days,  
And your best of oblations bring ye.  
Uplift your hearts, &c.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.



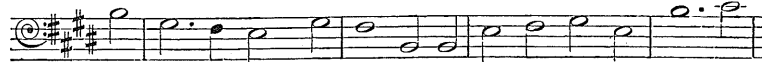
## PROCESSIONAL.

(FOR A HARVEST FESTIVAL.)

SURGE, O ZION.

TENORS AND BASSES.

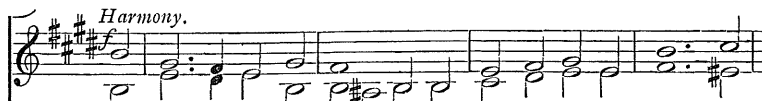
7.6.7.6. D.



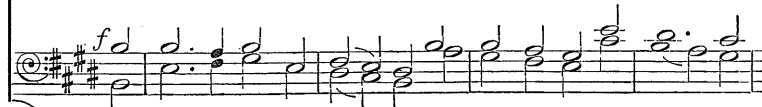
1. Put on thy strength, O Zi - on, A - wake, re-joice, and sing; To



praise Thy God and Fa - ther Thy year - ly tri - bute bring.



Break forth once more, O Zi - on, In strains of thankful song, Let



notes of joy and glad - ness Be heard Thy Courts a - mong. Al - le -



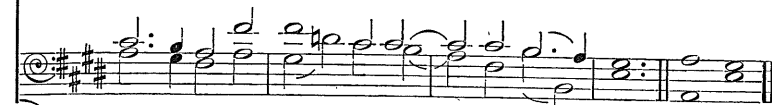
- lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, . . . Al - le -



## PROCESSIONAL.

After last  
verse only.

- lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.



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*Men.* 2 Our God, Who all things giveth  
And o'er the earth doth reign,  
In Whom each creature liveth,  
We magnify again,

*Harmony.* Break forth once more, O Zion,  
In strains of thankful song,  
Let notes of joy and gladness  
Be heard Thy Courts among.

*Alleluistic Stanza.\** Alleluia.

3 We praise Him Who reserveth  
The harvest weeks to earth,  
We bless Him Who preserveth  
His people's souls from dearth.  
Break forth once more, O Zion,  
In strains of thankful song,  
Let notes of joy and gladness  
Be heard Thy Courts among.  
Alleluia.

4 O Author of salvation,  
Whate'er in life betide,  
As wheat Thy people gather  
At Thy last Harvest-tide;  
Then shall Thy Church triumphant  
Upraise th' eternal song,  
And on through countless ages  
Thy praises shall prolong.  
Alleluia.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.

\* And so on throughout.

REX REGUM.

D.C.M.



- 1 THEE, God Almighty, we extol, as to Thy courts we press,  
 To join the strain of ceaseless praise wherewith Thy creatures bless  
 "The Name, above all other names," in filial love rever'd,  
 Mysterious, awe-inspiring Name! by guilty sinners feared.
- 2 Above the wingèd Cherubim Thou dwellest, O most High,  
 And yet in wondrous love dost deign these courts to sanctify,  
 By coming where Thy people meet, of high and low degree—  
 All members of one brotherhood, made brothers, Lord, by Thee.

- 3 Thine Israëi here yield Thee thanks, as each his humble part  
 Amid the congregation takes from ground of loyal heart.  
 Our antiphons we raise in song, with rev'rent olden tones,  
 These, chanted by the Church of yore, Thy Church to-day still owns.
- 4 Here, "how Thou goest," gracious God, in Thy majestic mien,  
 Amid these sacred precincts aye Thy footsteps may be seen;  
 The marshal'd singers go before, and next the minstrel train  
 In sweet accord their anthems raise, Thy praise—their glad refrain.
- 5 Thy God shall send forth strength for thee—His arm salvation brought:  
 That thing, we pray Thee, stablish still, that in us Thou hast wrought:  
 For Zion, for Thy temple's sake, so shall Thy people bring  
 With ready mind, with outstretch'd hand each votive offering.
- 6 "City of our solemnities," to thee our eyes we turn:  
 For thee, our quiet resting-place, our hearts within us burn:  
 Thy tabernacles shall not fall; Thy cords men shall not break;  
 Nor from thy walls a single stone shall rude destroyers take.
- 7 "For God is in the midst of thee," right early He shall give  
 To Zion help, to stablish her true life, in Him, to live.  
 "Go round about her palaces; her bulwarks mark ye well,"  
 That so to all posterity her refuge men may tell.
- 8 To Him we offer, as is meet, best member that we have,  
 Since He—to bless His Sacred Name—to us that member gave;  
 Then open Thou our lips, O Lord, as we show forth Thy praise;  
 O fix our thoughts on Thee and Thine; our earth-worn hearts upraise.
- 9 These festal days, like water-pools, shine 'mid the world's drear waste;  
 How gracious in them, Lord, Thou art, bid weary souls to taste.  
 "From off Thine altar touch these lips with coal of living fire":  
 With holy thoughts, with high resolve, each glowing breast inspire.
- 10 "From strength to strength still go we on till songs are ended here,  
 And each one in the courts above in Zion shall appear."  
 O Thou, "the One True Living God, the Everlasting King"—  
 Blest Trinity, all praise be Thine, as in these courts we sing.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.

15

MORNING.

MATINS.

8.4.7.8.4.7.

<p>1. Come, my soul, thou must be waking; Now is breaking O'er the earth another day: Come to Him, Who made this splen- See Thou render [dour: All Thy feeble strength can pay.</p> <p>2. Gladly hail the sun returning; Ready burning Be the incense of Thy powers: For the night is safely ended; God hath tended With His care thy helpless hours.</p> <p>3. Pray that He may prosper ever Each endeavour, When the aim is good and true; But that He may ever thwart thee, And convert thee, When thou evil would'st pursue.</p>	<p>4. Think that He thy ways beholdeth; He unfoldeth Every fault that lurks within: He the hidden shame glossed over Can discover, And discern each deed of sin.</p> <p>5. Mayest Thou on life's last morrow, Free from sorrow, Pass away in slumber sweet; And, released from death's dark Rise in gladness, [sadness, That far brighter Sun to greet.</p> <p>6. Only God's free gifts abuse not, Light refuse not, But His Spirit's voice obey; Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding Light unfolding All things in unclouded day.</p>
--	---

7.  
Glory, honour, exaltation,  
Adoration,  
Be to the Eternal One:  
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Laud and merit,  
While unending ages run.  
CANITZ, 1654-1699. Tr., H. J. BUCKOLL, 1841.

16

MORNING.

LUX.

7.8.7.8.7.7.

<p>1. LIGHT of Light! enlighten me, Now anew the day is dawning! Sun of grace! the shadows flee, Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning With Thy joyous sunshine blest, Happy is our day of rest.</p> <p>2. Fount of all our joy and power, To Thy living waters lead me; Thou from earth my soul release, And with grace and mercy feed me; Bless Thy word that it may prove Rich in fruits that Thou dost love!</p>	<p>3. Let me with my heart to-day, Holy, Holy, Holy, singing, Rapt awhile from earth away, All my soul to Thee upspringing, Have a foretaste inly given, How they worship Thee in heaven.</p> <p>4. Rest in me, and I in Thee, Build a paradise within me; Oh! reveal Thyself to me, Blessèd Love! Who diedst to win me. Fed from Thine exhaustless urn, Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.</p>
---	--

5.  
Hence all care, all vanity,  
For the day to God is holy;  
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,  
Deign to fill this temple lowly;  
Nought to-day my soul shall move,  
Simply resting in Thy love.

B. SCHMOLCK. Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

17

## MORNING.

DAWN.

II. IO. II. IO.

Musical score for 'MORNING. DAWN.' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes a tempo marking 'Dawn.' and a metronome marking '♩ = 108.'. Dynamics include 'cres.' and 'f'. The second system includes another 'cres.' marking. The third system ends with 'A-men.' and a 'ff' dynamic marking.

- 1 Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating  
Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;  
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,  
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee:—
- 2 To Thee, Whose word, the fount of life unsealing,  
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,  
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,  
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.
- 3 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us  
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;  
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,  
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.
- 4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,  
And shades of evil from its splendours flee,  
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,  
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.
- 5 Be this by Thee, O God Thrice Holy, granted,  
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever Blest;  
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,  
Whose Name by men and angels is confest.  
From the Latin by W. J. COPELAND and others.

( 30 )

18

## EVENING.

REPOSE.

8.7.8.7.7.

Musical score for 'EVENING. REPOSE.' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes a tempo marking 'Repose.' and a metronome marking '8.7.8.7.7.'. Dynamics include 'cres.', 'mf', and 'rall.'. The second system includes 'cres.', 'mf', and 'rall.' markings. The third system ends with 'A-men.' and a 'p' dynamic marking.

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- 1 THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;  
Now we lay us down to rest;  
Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest;  
*p* Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- mf* 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers;  
In Thine Arms may we repose,  
And when life's sad day is past,  
*p* Rest with Thee in Heaven at last.

THOMAS KELLY.

( 31 )

1.  
O come and bless us, ere the day  
Fade quite away;  
Lord, come and bless us, let Thy light  
Break through the night.  
A dreamy shadow seems to fill  
Valley and hill,  
O let not, Lord, sin's evil cloud  
Our spirits shroud.

2.  
On those worn out by Satan's thrall  
Bid Thy grace fall,  
As now the dew in evening calm  
With healing balm. [strife,  
Where there is wrath, and thought of  
And envy rife,  
As the light sinks, let tumult cease,  
And all be peace.

3.  
Upon the heavy laden breast  
Shed gracious rest,  
And as the bitter anguish dies  
Bid hope arise,  
That ever blessed evening star,  
That shines afar,  
And with sweet influence from above  
Doth kindle love.

4.  
Let happy homes their happiness  
In Thee possess;  
Let high and lowly, young and old,  
Sleep in Thy fold.  
So the last prayer shall rise to Thee  
From earth and sea,  
Thee, our Beginning, and our End,  
Father, and Friend.

H. A. MARTIN.

1.  
THE sun declines; o'er land and sea  
Creeps on the night;  
The twinkling stars come one by one  
To shed their light;  
With Thee there is no darkness, Lord;  
With us abide,  
And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure  
This eventide.

2.  
Forgive the wrong this day we've done  
Or thought or said;  
Each moment with its good or ill  
To Thee has fled;

Oh, Father! in Thy mercy great  
Will we confide;  
Thy benediction now bestow  
This eventide.

3.  
And when with morning light we rise,  
Kept by Thy care,  
We'll lift to Thee, with grateful hearts,  
Our morning prayer; [Stay,  
Be Thou, through life, our Strength and  
Our Guard and Guide  
To that dear home where there will be  
No eventide.

ROBERT WALMSLEY.

SEBASTE.

Irregular.

Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glo - ry poured,

Who is the Immortal Fa - ther, Heaven - ly Blest,

Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, Je - su Christ, our Lord.

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of evening round us shine.

We hymn the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit Di - vine.

Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung With un - de - fil - ed tongue.

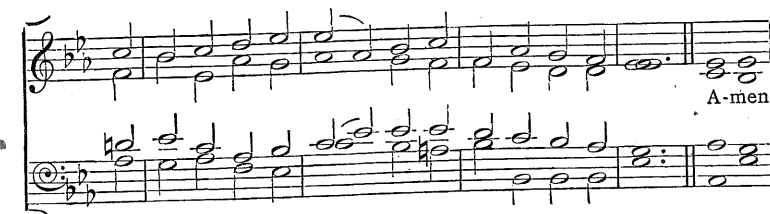
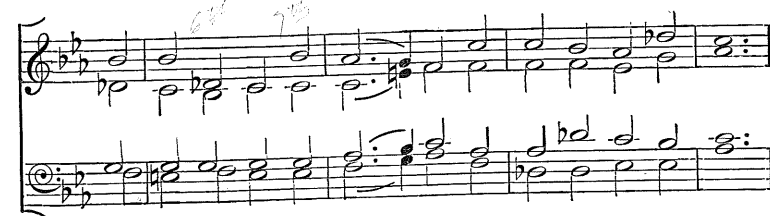
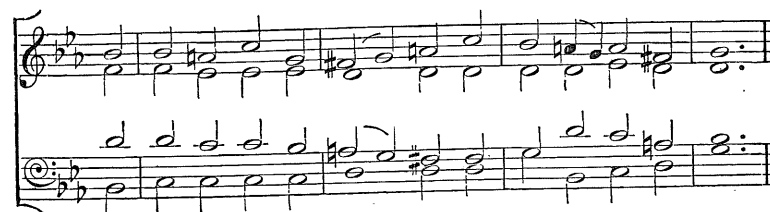
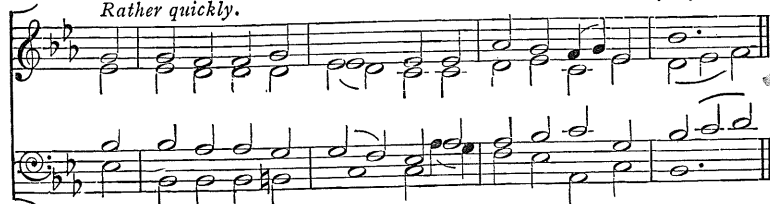
Son of our God, Giv - er of life, A - lone; . . .

Therefore in all the world Thy glo - ries, Lord, they own. A - men.

*J. KEBBLE, tr. from the Greek.*

## PROTECTION.

7.6.7.6. D.

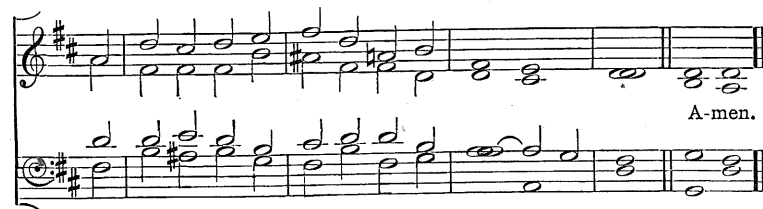
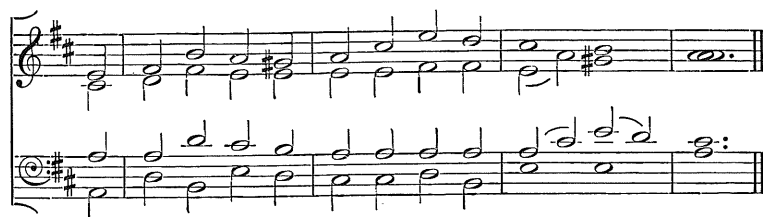
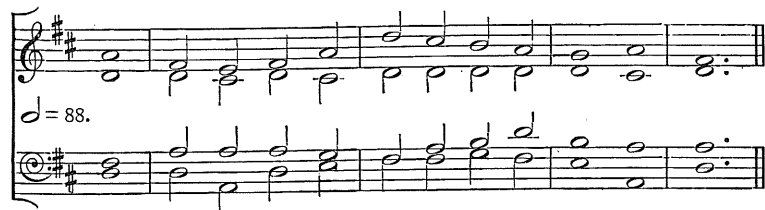
*Rather quickly.*

- mf* 1 WHEN evening shadows gather,  
And twilight gently fades ;  
*p* When all is still and silent  
In midnight's darker shades :  
*mf* Then, O my God, be near me,  
Do Thou protect my bed ;  
From evil and from danger  
Let angels guard my head.
- p* 2 We know not, when we slumber,  
That we shall e'er awake,  
To see another day begin,  
Another dawning break :  
*mf* But Thou art ever watching,  
Thou wilt our vigils keep,  
And, trusting in Thy mercy,  
*p* We sink in peaceful sleep.
- mf* 3 But, ere our eyelids closing,  
We humbly seek Thy Face,  
And pray for Thy forgiveness,  
And Thy sustaining grace :  
*p* For we are weak and erring,  
*mf* And need Thy mighty power ;  
O Jesu, ever guard us  
In dark temptation's hour
- p* 4 We pray for those who languish  
In sickness and distress,  
That Thou wilt soothe their anguish,  
And their afflictions bless :  
*mf* We pray for those in peril  
Upon the mighty sea ;  
We pray for friends and loved ones :  
Do Thou their Guardian be.
- f* 5 And now to Thee we render  
Our thanks for mercies past,  
With grateful hearts imploring  
Thy favour to the last.  
*mf* And at the great awakening  
May we be found above,—  
*f* With saints and angels praising  
Thy providence and love.

J. F. SWIFT.

HARLAND.

Eight 6's.



- 1 AND now this holy day  
Is drawing to its end,  
Once more, to Thee, O Lord,  
Our thanks and prayers we send.  
We thank Thee for Thy Day,  
For taste and type of heaven;  
Sweet day of holy peace,—  
"The best of all the seven!"
- 2 We thank Thee for this rest  
From earthly care and strife;  
We thank Thee for this help  
To higher, holier life.  
We thank Thee for Thy House;  
It is Thy Palace-gate  
Where Thou upon Thy Throne  
Of mercy, still dost wait.
- 3 We thank Thee for Thy Word,  
Thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
Oh, may its holy fruits  
Within our hearts abound!  
We thank Thee for the Feast  
Wherein our souls are fed,  
Where Thou Thyself dost give  
The True, the Living Bread.
- 4 And now we go to rest,  
But first we humbly pray,  
Father, forgive our sins,  
Of e'en this holy day.  
Through Jesus let the past  
Be blotted from Thy sight,  
And let us all now sleep  
At peace with Thee this night.
- 5 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
Thine earthly Courts we love;  
But oh! we look and long  
For Thy blest Courts above.  
Lord, lead us on, we pray,  
Our low affections raise;  
Oh! help us here to join  
In heaven's eternal praise.
- 6 And bring us safe at last  
To that celestial shore,  
Where we with all Thy saints  
Shall praise Thee evermore  
To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit glory be,  
From all in earth and Heaven,  
Through all eternity.

E. HARLAND.



MANE MECUM.

Four 10's.

*Moderato.*

A musical score for 'Mane Mecum' in G minor, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked 'Moderato'. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' below it. The third system also ends with a double bar line and 'A - men.' below it.

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- mf* 1 ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
*f* Help of the helpless, (*p*) O abide with me.
- p* 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
*mf* O Thou, Who changest not, (*p*) abide with me.
- mf* 3 I need Thy Presence every passing hour;  
*cr.* What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
*f* Though cloud and sunshine, Lord, (*p*) abide with me
- f* 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- p* 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,  
*cr.* Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
*f* Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, (*p*) in death, O Lord, (*cr.*) abide with me.

H. F. LYTE.

VESPER.

7-7-7-5.

A musical score for 'Vesper' in G minor, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked 'Vesper.'. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' below it. The third system also ends with a double bar line and 'A-men.' below it.

- mf* 1 HOLY Father, cheer our way  
With Thy love's perpetual ray:  
Grant us every closing day  
Light at evening time.
- p* 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears  
When earth's brightness disappears;  
*cr.* Grant us in our latter years  
Light at evening time.
- p* 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh  
When in mortal pains we lie;  
*cr.* Grant us, as we come to die,  
Light at evening time.
- mf* 4 Holy, Blessèd Trinity!  
Darkness is not dark with Thee;  
Those Thou keepest always see  
Light at evening time.  
R. HAYES ROBINSON.

The Story of the Advent of Jesus.

PART I.—THE ADVENT OF JESUS BEFORE HIS INCARNATION.

TO CREATE AND TO ILLUMINATE MANKIND.

IN MAJESTATE.  
Rather quickly. S.M.

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- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| 1 | IN majesty and power,<br>With Angels' glad acclaim,<br>The Word of God, at time's first hour,<br>As man's Creator came.           | Job xxxviii. 7.<br>S. John i. 1-3.                               |
| 2 | He came, the Light of Light;<br>Each heart received His ray;<br>But men, from out the darkest night,<br>Refused the beams of Day. | S. John i. 4.<br>S. John i. 9.<br>S. John i. 5.<br>S. John i. 11 |
| 3 | Yet holy men of old<br>Caught up the radiant glow;<br>Like snow-capped mountains tipped with gold,<br>Against the gloom below.    | S. John i. 12.   |
| 4 | All goodness, truth, and love,<br>In saintly lives displayed,<br>Was borrowed lustre from above,<br>By Christ Himself conveyed.   | S. John i. 9.  |

PART II.—THE ADVENT OF JESUS AT HIS INCARNATION.

TO SAVE AND TO ELEVATE MANKIND.

HOMO FACTUS EST.  
Simply, as if a Carol. S.M.

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- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| 1 | THE same Angelic throng<br>That hailed creation's morn<br>Burst through the skies with Heavenly song,<br>When God as Man was born. | S. Luke ii. 13, 14.  |
| 2 | From Heaven did Christ descend<br>To stable mean and poor;<br>He came as Servant, Teacher, Friend,<br>The sinner's open Door.      | 2 Cor. viii. 9.<br>S. Luke ii. 12.<br>{ Phil. ii. 7; S. Jn. xviii. 37;<br>xv. 13, 14; S. Matt. xi. 19.<br>S. John x. 7, 9. |
| 3 | He came to seek and save,<br>To suffer, toil, and die,<br>To share with man a common grave,<br>That man might rise on high.        | S. Luke xix. 10.<br>{ S. Luke xxiv. 46; S. John<br>ix. 4; 1 Cor. xv. 3.<br>Isaiah liii. 9,<br>1 S. Pet. iii. 18.           |
| 4 | He came to loose the band<br>Of Satan, death, and sin;<br>To bear, as Man, to God's Right-hand,<br>The souls He died to win.       | Heb. ii. 14, 15.<br>S. Mark xvi. 19.<br>Heb. vii. 25; Jude 24  |

ADVENT.

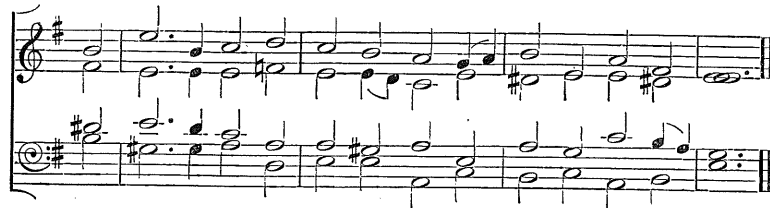
PART III.—THE ADVENT OF JESUS SINCE HIS INCARNATION.

TO ATTRACT AND TO NOURISH MANKIND.

IN MEDIO EORUM.

S.M.

Not fast.



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1 AND still through toil and strife,  
'Mid sorrow, joy, and pain,  
He comes to fill His Church with Life,  
His own for Heaven to train.

S. John xiv. 18, 23.  
S. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20;  
S. John vi. 51, 57.

2 Where'er His servants meet,  
Uniting hearts in prayer,  
And, kneeling suppliant at His Feet,  
He, in the midst, is there.

S. Matt. xviii. 19, 20.

3 While Angels join to swell  
The Church's Heavenly song,  
He comes, with faithful hearts to dwell,  
Who round His Altar throng.

Rev. vii. 11, 12.

S. John vi. 56.

4 Lord Jesus, as we kneel  
Before Thy Throne of Grace,  
May we Thy hidden Presence feel;  
The brightness of Thy Face!

ADVENT.

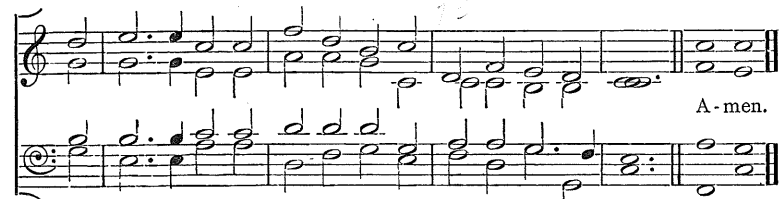
PART IV.—THE ADVENT OF JESUS TO RECEIVE THE FRUITS  
OF HIS INCARNATION.

TO JUDGE AND TO CLAIM MANKIND.

IN MAJESTATE.

Rather quickly.

S.M.



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1 At length, with trumpet sound,  
In glory unexpressed,  
He comes, while Angel-hosts surround  
The King by all confessed.

Matt. xxiv. 31.  
S. Luke ix. 26.  
S. Matt. xxv. 31.  
Rom. xiv. 10, 11.

2 Athwart the darkened skies  
The gathering clouds are sped,  
Revealing Christ to wondering eyes  
As Judge of quick and dead.

S. Matt. xxiv. 29.  
Rev. vi. 14.  
Rev. i. 7.  
S. Matt. xxv. 32-46

3 The night of sin is past,  
And stemmed is death's dark tide,  
The Heavenly Bridegroom comes at last  
To claim the Church, His Bride.

Heb. ix. 26.  
1 Cor. xv. 26, 54, 55.  
S. Matt. xxv. 1-13.  
Rev. xxi. 2.

4 For that last Advent-hour,  
When earth shall pass away,  
Lord Jesus, grant Thy servants power  
To work, and watch, and pray.

S. Mark xiii. 31.  
S. Mark xiii. 32-37.

E. W. LEACHMAN.

N.B. I. The Incarnation of Jesus means His taking upon Him our flesh, and being born as Man on Christmas Day.

II. This "Story" is told in the order above so that, whilst remembering our Lord's Coming as Man, and as Judge, we may not lose sight of His other Advents.

III. The Bible references given are those which suggested the form of this "Story."

ADVENT.  
(OR GENERAL.)

COME, GRACIOUS SAVIOUR.

II. IO. II. IO. 5 4. 5. 6.

The first system of musical notation for 'Come, Gracious Saviour' consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature, with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff has a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, and G5. The bass staff has a half note D3, followed by quarter notes E3, F#3, and G3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff has a half note A5, followed by quarter notes B5, C6, and D6. The bass staff has a half note A2, followed by quarter notes B2, C3, and D3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff has a half note E6, followed by quarter notes F#6, G6, and A6. The bass staff has a half note E2, followed by quarter notes F#2, G2, and A2. The piece concludes with a double bar line. Dynamics markings 'dim.' and 'p' are present.

ADVENT.  
(OR GENERAL.)

The first system of musical notation for 'Advent (Or General)' consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature, with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The piece concludes with a double bar line. Dynamics markings 'pp' are present.

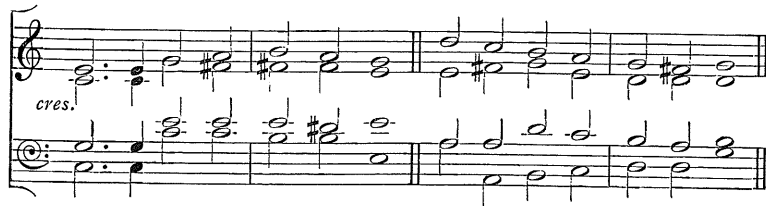
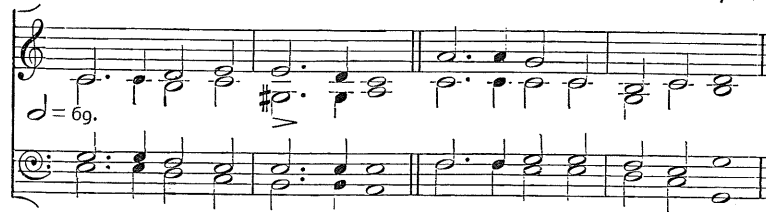
The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff has a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, and G5. The bass staff has a half note D3, followed by quarter notes E3, F#3, and G3. The piece concludes with a double bar line. Dynamics markings 'mf' and 'f' are present. The text 'A-men.' is written at the end of the system.

- 1 COME, gracious Saviour, manifest Thy glory,  
And let Thy lightnings shine from east to west;  
Oh! by Thine anguish 'neath the olives hoary,  
Take us, Thy people, to Thy promis'd rest.  
Come, blessèd Jesus,  
Come, come, we pray:  
Banish the darkness,  
And bring the glorious day.
- 2 Our eyes are weary watching for Thy coming,  
Watching through glare of noon and gloom of night;  
Hoping the morn may bring Thee, or the gloaming  
May see Thee bursting on our happy sight.  
Come, blessèd Jesus, &c.
- 3 How long shall stay the bitter strife and sorrow,  
And wrong have triumph o'er the true and right?  
Oh! come, and coming, bring the better morrow,  
Whose noon shall never darken into night.  
Come, blessèd Jesus, &c.
- 4 Come, gracious Lord, our longing souls to gladden;  
Arise! O Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
Let hope deferr'd our hearts no longer sadden,  
But turn to songs our sorrows and our sighs.  
Come, blessèd Jesus, &c.
- 5 Oh! come and cheer the eyes all dim with weeping,  
Banish the sin, the sorrow, and the strife;  
Let those who sow in tears now have their reaping,  
Their golden harvest sheaves of light and life.  
Come, blessèd Jesus, &c.
- 6 Then shall we worship Thee with joy and singing,  
And laud Thy Name all other names above;  
The world throughout with praises shall be ringing,  
And we shall swell the triumphs of Thy love.  
Come, blessèd Jesus, &c.

CHARLES D. BELL, 1882.

CELANO.

Six 7's.



## PART I.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 DAY of wrath, O dreadful day,<br/>When this world shall pass away,<br/>And the heavens together roll,<br/>Shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,<br/>Long foretold by saint and sage,<br/>David's harp, and Sibyl's page.</p>  | <p>3 Then shall nature stand aghast,<br/>Death himself be overcast;<br/>Then at her Creator's call,<br/>Near and distant, great and small,<br/>Shall the whole creation rise<br/>Waiting for the Great Assize.</p>                   |
| <p>2 Day of terror, day of doom,<br/>When the Judge at last shall<br/>come:<br/>Through the deep and silent gloom,<br/>Shrouding every human tomb,<br/>Shall the Archangel's trumpet tone<br/>Summon all before the Throne.</p> | <p>4 Then the writing shall be read<br/>Which shall judge the quick and<br/>dead;<br/>Then the Lord of all our race<br/>Shall appoint to each his place;<br/>Every wrong shall be set right,<br/>Every secret brought to light.*</p> |

\* The last verse of Part III. may be sung at the end of each Part.

## PART II.

- 5 When, in that tremendous day  
Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What shall I the sinner say?  
What shall be the sinner's stay?  
When the righteous shrinks for  
fear,  
How shall my frail soul appear?

- 6 King of kings, enthroned on high,  
In Thine awful Majesty,  
Thou Who of Thy mercy free  
Savest those who saved shall be:  
In Thy boundless charity,  
Fount of pity, save Thou me.

- 7 O remember, Saviour dear,  
What the cause that brought Thee  
here;  
All Thy long and toilsome way  
Was for me who went astray:  
When that day at last is come,  
Call, O call, the wanderer home.

- 8 Thou in search of me didst sit  
Weary with the noonday heat;  
Thou to save my soul hast borne  
Cross and grief, and hate and  
scorn;  
O may all that toil and pain  
Not be wholly spent in vain! \*

- \* 13 Full of tears, and full of dread  
Is the day that wakes the dead,  
Calling all, with solemn blast,  
From the ashes of the past;  
Lord of Mercy, Jesu Blest,  
Grant us Thine eternal rest.

## PART III.

- 9 O just Judge, to Whom belongs  
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs:  
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,  
Ere the dread account be past.  
Lo! my sighs, my guilt, my  
shame!  
Spare me for Thine own great  
Name.

- 10 Thou Who bad'st the sinner cease  
From her tears, and go in peace;  
Thou Who to the dying thief  
Spakest pardon and relief;  
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,  
E'en to me, the hope of heaven!

- 11 Nought of Thee my prayers can  
claim,  
Save in Thy free mercy's name.  
Worthless is each tear and cry:  
Yet, good Lord, in grace comply;  
Spare me: cause me not to go  
Into everlasting woe.

- 12 Make me with Thy sheep to stand,  
Severed from the guilty band;  
When the curst condemned shall  
be,  
With the blest then call Thou me:  
Contrite in the dust, I pray,  
Save me in that awful day.\*

A. P. STANLEY.

VENTURUS EST.

*Rather slow, and solemnly.*

8.7.8.7.8.7.

musical score for page 29, featuring vocal line and piano accompaniment. The score includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Rather slow, and solemnly.' and the time signature is 8.7.8.7.8.7. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' and 'senza Ped.' followed by 'Ped.'.

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- mf* 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
- f* Thousand thousand Saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train:  
Alleluia!  
Christ appears on earth again.
- mf* 2 Every eye shall now behold Him  
Robed in dreadful majesty;
- p* Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,  
*pp* Deeply wailing,  
*p* Shall the true Messiah see.
- mf* 3 Those dear tokens of His Passion  
Still His dazzling Body bears,  
*cr.* Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransom'd worshippers;
- mf* With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars!
- f* 4 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal Throne;
- mf* Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
- ff* Alleluia!  
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

J. CENNICK, C. WESLEY, AND MARTIN MADAN.

DIES JUDICII.

8.8.8.

musical score for page 30, featuring vocal line and piano accompaniment. The score includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'DIES JUDICII.' and the time signature is 8.8.8. The piece concludes with '2. Oh, what fear man's bo - som rend - eth, When from'.

VOICES AND ORGAN.

ADVENT.

Heav'n the Judge de - scend-eth, On Whose sen-tence all de - pend-eth!

3. Won - drous sound the trum - pet fling - eth, Thro' earth's

*Tuba.*

*Ped.*

se - pul-chres it ring - eth; All be - fore the throne it bring-eth.

ADVENT.

VOICES AND ORGAN.

4. Lo! the Book ex - act - ly word - ed, Where - in

all hath been re - cord - ed; Then shall judg - ment be a - ward - ed.

5. When the Judge His seat at - tain - eth, And each

hid - den deed ar - rain - eth, No - thing un - a - veng'd re - main - eth.

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *rall.* *pp*

ADVENT.

6. What shall I, frail man, be plead - ing, Who for

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*Ped.*

me be in - ter - ced - ing, When the just are mer - cy need - ing?

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

ADVENT.

7. King of Ma - jes - ty tre - men - dous, Who dost

*ff*

*ff*

*ff Full Org.*

*ff*

free sal - va - tion send us, Fount of pi - ty, then be - friend us!

*pp*

*pp*



ADVENT.

8. Think, kind Je - su, my sal - va - tion Caus'd Thy

*mf*

*mf*

won-drous In - car - na - tion; Leave me not to re - pro - ba - tion.

ADVENT.

Rather slower. Unaccompanied.

9. Faint and wea - ry .. Thou hast sought me, On the

*pp*

Cross of suf - fer - ing bought me, Shall such grace be vain - ly brought me?

10. Guilt - y, now I pour my moan - ing, All my

*p*

*cres.*

*p*

*cres.*

*Ped.*

*f*

*rall.*

*p*

*pp*

shame with an - guish own - ing; Spare, O God, Thy sup - pliant groan - ing.

*f*

*rall.*

*p*

*pp*

*dim.*

*p rall.*

*pp*

ADVENT.

VOICES AND ORGAN.

11. Low I kneel, with heart - sub - mis - sion, See, like

ash - es, my con - tri - tion; Help me in my last con - di - tion.

12. Ah! that day of tears and mourn - ing! From the

*p* *cres.*  
*Ped.*

ADVENT.

*f* *rall.* *p* *ppp*  
dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for judg - ment must pre - pare him.

*f* *p rall.* *pp*  
*f* *p rall.* *pp*

VOICES AND ORGAN.

*Adagio. Solemnly.*

13. Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! Lord! all - pitying, Je - su Blest ;

*rall.* *ppp* *ppp*  
Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest, grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest. A - men.  
*rall.* *ppp* *ppp*  
*tr. W. J. IRONS.*

DAY OF WRATH.\*

VERSE I. CHOIR, CONGREGATION AND ORGAN.

8.8.8.

Slow.  $\text{♩} = 76$ .

Day of wrath! O day of mourn - ing! See ful -

- fill'd the pro-phets' warn-ing! Heav'n and earth in ash - es burn-ing!

VERSE 2. CHOIR AND ORGAN.

Oh, what fear man's bo - som rend - eth When from

Heav'n the Judge de - scend - eth, On Whose sen-tence all de - pend-eth.

\* This may be sung as an Anthem, the Decani taking the Choir parts, the Cantoris the Congregation. Should a more simple treatment be required, the music of verse 2 only, or of verses 2 and 7 alternately, may be used throughout the Hymn.

VERSE 3. CHOIR ONLY.

Won-drous sound the trum - pet fling - eth, Thro' earth's

VERSE 3. CONGREGATION AND ORGAN.

Won-drous sound the trum - pet fling - eth, Thro' earth's

se - pulchres it ring - eth, All be - fore the Throne it bringeth.

se - pulchres it ring - eth, All be - fore the Throne it bringeth.

VERSES 4 to 6. CONGREGATION, CHOIR AND ORGAN.

4. Death is struck, and na - ture quak - ing, All cre -

ADVENT.

- a - tion is a - wak - ing, To its Judge an an - swer mak - ing.

- 5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded;  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.  
6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

VERSE 7. CHOIR AND ORGAN (OR UNACCOMPANIED).

*Rather slower.*

What shall I, frail man, be plead - ing, Who for

me be in - ter - ced - ing, When the just are mer - cy need - ing?

VERSE 8. CHOIR.

King of . . . Ma - jes - ty tre - men - dous, Who dost

VERSE 8. CONGREGATION AND ORGAN.

King of . . . Ma - jes - ty tre - men - dous, Who dost

ADVENT.

free sal - va - tion send us, Fount of pi - ty, then be - friend us!

free sal - va - tion send us, Fount of pi - ty, then be - friend us!

VERSES 9 to 14. CHOIR, CONGREGATION AND ORGAN.

Think, kind Je - su, my sal - va - tion Caus'd Thy

won - drous In - car - na - tion; Leave me not to re - pro - ba - tion.

- p* 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
*cr.* On the Cross of suff'ring bought me,  
*ff* Shall such grace be vainly brought me?  
*f* 11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution  
*p* Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
*ff* Ere that day of retribution.  
*f* 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
*ff* All my shame with anguish owning;  
Spare, O God, (*dim.*) Thy suppliant groaning.  
*p* 13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;  
*cr.* Thou the dying thief forgavest;  
*f* And to me a hope vouchsafest.  
*p* 14 Worthless are my pray'rs and sighing;  
*cr.* Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
*f* Rescue me from fires undying.

ADVENT.

VERSE 15. CHOIR AND ORGAN (OR UNACCOMPANIED).

With Thy fa - vour'd sheep, O place me, Nor a -

- mong the goats a - base me, But to Thy right hand up - raise me.

VERSE 16. CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

While the wick - ed are con - found - ed, Doom'd to

Ped.

ADVENT.

flames of woe un-bound ed, Cali me with Thy Saints sur-round-ed.

VERSE 17. CHOIR, CONGREGATION AND ORGAN.

Low I . . kneel, with heart - sub - mis - sion; See, like

ash - es, my con - tri - tion; Help me in my last con - di - tion.

VERSE 18. CHOIR AND ORGAN (OR UNACCOMPANIED).

Ah! that day of tears and mourn - ing! From the

ADVENT.

dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for judgment must prepare him;  
*dim. rall.*  
*f*  
*dim. rall.*

CHOIR ALONE.

*pp* *Slow. ad lib.* CONGREGATION.  
 Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare him! Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare him!

VERSE 19. CHOIR.

*pp*  
 Lord, all-pity-ing, Je - su Blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest.

CONGREGATION.

*pp* *Slower.* *rall.*  
 Lord, all-pity-ing, Je - su Blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest.

ORGAN.

*pp* *Slower.* *rall.*  
 A - men, A - men, A - men.

THOMAS OF CELANO, 13th Cent.  
 Tr. by WILLIAM JOSIAH IRONS, 1848.

JAM FULGET ORIENS.  
*Rather quick.*

*p* *rall.* A - men.

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- 1 LORD God Almighty, the darkness around Thee  
 Shines with Thy splendour, and night is as day;  
 Not in the glory of Heaven we found Thee,—  
 Low in the manger the little Child lay.
- 2 Armies of angels, in triumph adoring,  
 Shake the white throne with the praises they sing;  
 One trembling word from a sinner imploring  
 Melts into pity the heart of the King.
- 3 Not 'mid Thine angels, for fear Thou should'st blind us,  
 But as Thou camest Thy lost ones to seek,  
 Come even now, gentle Shepherd, and find us,  
 Where we are wandering, all weary and weak.
- 4 Not with Thy lightnings the darkness dispelling,  
 Not in Thy wrath, from which nothing can hide,  
 Come like Thy star, and stand over our dwelling;  
 Light of the World, with Thy children abide.
- 5 Here amid turmoil and discord abiding,  
 Noise of our tumult ascends to Thee still;  
 Soft as the dew-fall send down the glad tiding,  
 "Now and for evermore, peace and goodwill."
- 6 Lord God Almighty, the darkness around Thee  
 Shines with Thy splendour, and night is as day;  
 Happy are they who in seeking have found Thee,  
 Where in the manger the little Child lay.

HORACE SMITH.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

Four 7's.

*Cheerfully.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 SING with joy, 'tis Christmas Morn,<br/>Unto us a Child is born,<br/>Christ hath come on earth to dwell,<br/>God with us, Immanuel!</p> <p>2 Shepherds, watching through the night,<br/>Wondering at the dazzling light,<br/>Hear the glorious Angel tell<br/>Of the Hope of Israel!</p> <p>3 Thousand thousand angels raise<br/>Songs of glad triumphant praise;<br/>Singing, through the starry sky,<br/>"Glory be to God on High!"</p> <p>4 Joyously the shepherds ran,<br/>Knelt to Jesus—God and Man;<br/>"Come," they bid us haste with them,<br/>"See the Babe of Bethlehem!"</p> <p>9 Thou, Whom veiled we worship here,<br/>Soon in glory shalt appear;<br/>Grant us, Jesu! of Thy grace,<br/>Then to see Thee, Face to face.</p> | <p>5 He was in the manger laid,<br/>By His holy Mother-Maid.<br/>He is on His altar now;<br/>With the shepherds let us bow.</p> <p>6 He was wrapped in swaddling bands<br/>By His blessèd Mother's hands,<br/>Hidden under bread and wine,<br/>Here He lies—the Babe Divine.</p> <p>7 Jesu! Whom we here adore,<br/>May we love Thee more and more;<br/>As by faith we, wondering, see<br/>This Thy great humility!</p> <p>8 In the holy Font were we<br/>Made anew, and born in Thee;<br/>May we grow, dear Lord, we pray,<br/>In Thy grace from day to day.</p> |
|---|---|

C. F. HERNAMAN.

(FOR CHILDREN.)

NAZARETH.

L.M.

*Rather slow and with simplicity.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2.<br/>How sweet was our Lady, how pure;<br/>How good was her wonderful Boy,<br/>How happy that Nazareth home<br/>Which sheltered a well-spring of<br/>Joy!</p> <p>3.<br/>For Mary's dear Son was her God,<br/>That home was a heaven upon<br/>earth;<br/>And sorrowful things came and went<br/>To the music of Angel's sweet mirth.</p> <p>4.<br/>Yes! often those shining ones sped<br/>To the cottage and workshop, to see<br/>The home of all homes in the world;<br/>But just like what ours ought to be.</p> | <p>5.<br/>For Jesus is yet in those homes,<br/>To guide us, control us and keep;<br/>And Angels are there, night and day,<br/>To guard us, awake and asleep.</p> <p>6.<br/>And Mary Magnificat sings,<br/>And Joseph is watchful and kind<br/>If only, through waiting on God,<br/>We see with the eyes of our mind.</p> <p>7.<br/>If only we try to please God,<br/>And love Him and do His sweet<br/>Will,<br/>Each house is a Nazareth home<br/>Where Jesus and Mary dwell still.</p> |
|--|--|

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

HOLY MIRTH.

Sw. Reeds.

Ch. Reeds.

Gt.

Voices.

*mf*

1. Now join we all with ho - ly mirth, To

Gt.

*mf*

Ped.

cel - e-brate our Saviour's birth, For He has come from heaven to earth, In

Voices.

*mf*

hum-ble guise and low - ly; *p* The

*mf*

*cres.*

heavens the brightest pla - net lent, That e'er had graced their fir - ma-ment, And

*cres.*

Org. Ped.

kings from the far east were sent, To greet this babe so ho - ly...

*f*

2.

And from each starry orb around,  
Broke forth such strange, celestial  
sound,  
Th' entranced shepherds on the  
ground  
Stand spell-bound, inly dreaming.  
If such divine, melodious hymn,  
Of Cherubim and Seraphim,  
These harmonies that round them  
swim,  
Are real, or only seeming.

3.

Fear not, O shepherds! nought but  
bliss  
Can come of heavenly rout like this;  
The angel's gracious message is  
(Love with his accents blended),  
"All glory be to God on high!  
And peace on earth, for which a sigh  
Hath long been raised, e'en now is  
nigh,  
Immanuel hath descended."

4.

"For unto you this Child is born,  
His swaddling clothes hold not in  
scorn,  
Nor Virgin Mother, so forlorn,  
His nature He is veiling;

The Wonderful—the Counsellor,  
The mighty God Himself is there,  
Has come your deepest woes to  
share—  
A Saviour, all-availing!"

5.

Then with the shepherds we will go—  
Come, young and old, come, high and  
low,  
We'll troop to Bethlehem and so  
Low bending each confessing,  
We'll cast away our nature's sin,  
Pardon and grace we've come to  
win,  
We knock, O Jesus! take us in,  
Into Thy fold we're pressing.

6.

Thus in our ears, life's path along,  
Shall linger still the angels' song,  
Its theme of comfort, simple,  
strong,  
Till heaven's bright day is dawning;  
Nor will we fail with honours meet,  
With thankful hearts and carols  
sweet,  
As each year runs its course, to greet  
Thine advent, Christmas morning!

HENRY BLUNT.



CHRISTMAS DAY.  
SEMI-CHORUS.  
*Allegro vivace.*

1. Wake all mu - sic's ma - gic powers, On this bliss - ful morn - ing,

SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.

Born to-day, the Child is ours, Theme of Pro-phet's warn - ing;

SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.

Gi - ant in the race He towers, Toil and dan - ger scorn - ing.

CHORUS.

O that bless - ed go - ing out Which sal - va - tion  
O that bless - ed go - ing out, sal - va - tion brought a - bout,

O that blessed go - ing out, Which sal - va - tion brought a - bout.

2 Let this glorious holiday  
Find such holy spending  
That the simple-hearted may  
Joy without offending,  
And sweet charity may stay,  
With our concourse blending,  
O that blessed going out,  
Which salvation brought about.

3 Give we glory to this Feast,  
For man's restoration :  
Now the guilty is released,  
Freed from condemnation :  
By the widow's son deceased,  
See Elisha's station !  
O that blessed, &c.

4 O how bright is this day made,  
Day with radiance glowing,  
Which the Light of Light displayed,  
Light in darkness shewing ;  
Chasing thus death's gloomy shade,  
Brightness o'er us throwing !  
O that blessed, &c.

5 Risen to-day in splendour bright,  
Shining to all ages,  
Beams the Sun, whose distant light  
Touched the Prophets's pages ;  
Now, to end the reign of night,  
Christ His power engages.  
O that blessed, &c.

H. R. BRAMLEY, from the Latin.

THE GOLDEN CROWN,

*Allegretto.* ♩ = 88.

*Symphony (before Verse 1 only).*

*Harmony.*  
*Very smoothly.*

1. It was the qui - et eve - ning, From out the pur - ple deep The

sil - ver stars were hast - ing, And Je - sus lay a - sleep. The

lit - tle Jew - ish chil - dren Whom sport had thi - ther led . . Brought

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flow'rs, and wove a gar - land; Then plac'd it on His Head. . .

*\*Ending of Verse 5 only.*

Her help - less Babe, earth's Help - er, Her Son, the King of old. . .

*Treble Solo.* 2 Sweet Mary Mother coming,  
No garland bright sees now,  
But cruel thorns are piercing  
The thorn-predestined Brow.  
Saint Joseph left his work-shed  
The Precious Babe to greet:  
Close to his heart he pressed Him,  
And kissed both Hands and Feet.

*Harmony.* 3 Sweet Mary Mother coming,  
Where Joseph's touch had been,  
Five little Wounds sees shining  
All bright with crimson sheen.  
Her heart was pierced with sorrow,  
Her soul was sick with fears,  
She took Him to her bosom,  
And kissed Him through her tears.

*Solo.* 4 Sweet Mary Mother, coming  
To tend her Child Divine,  
Finds, where her tears had fallen,  
A Cross of crystal shine.  
Then pondered she in sadness,  
With many a bitter sigh;  
But soon an Angel hasted  
Where lay the Lord Most High.

*Harmony.* 5 He took away the thorn-wreath,  
He gave a golden Crown,  
To Infant Hands, a Sceptre,  
Of more than earth's renown.  
Then joyed the Mother Blessèd,  
In Him, the long Foretold,  
Her helpless Babe, earth's Helper,  
Her Son, the King of old.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

O HOLY STAR!

Not slow. ♩ = 60.

Musical notation for the piano introduction of 'O Holy Star!'. It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Voices in Harmony.

Musical notation for the first voice part of 'O Holy Star!'. It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

1. O ho-ly star! O lovely star! Whose tranquil beauty gems the night, Thy

Musical notation for the second voice part of 'O Holy Star!'. It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

guid - ing beams we fol - low far; Lead on, O ho - ly light!

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<p>2 Sweet myrrh and frankincense we bring, And treasures rare of Persian gold; O where is He, the promised King, By mystic lore foretold?</p> <p>3 Pause not at yonder rich man's door— Pass on, we journey not to him: For see, the star is resting o'er The inn at Bethlehem.</p>	<p>4 Lo! we behold Messiah now, With holy reverence draw we near; Bow down! in adoration bow! The Son of God is here!</p> <p>5 No pomp adorns the form Divine, No glory circles round His head; But starry beams in beauty shine Upon His lowly bed.</p>
--	--

6 O lovely star! O holy light!  
Thy rays amid the dusky skies  
Have led the pilgrims of the night  
To where the Saviour lies.

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY.

SWEET CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Cheerfully.

Musical notation for the piano introduction of 'Sweet Christmas Bells.' It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a 'Cheerfully' instruction.

1. Now o - ver the snow-white mea - dows, In throb - bing ebbs and  
2. O ye that are hea - vy la - den, And ye that are full of  
3. Glad bells of the ho - ly morn - ing! O scatter ye far and

Musical notation for the first voice part of 'Sweet Christmas Bells.' It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a 'Cheerfully' instruction.

Cheerfully.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of 'Sweet Christmas Bells.' It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a 'Cheerfully' instruction.

Musical notation for the second voice part of 'Sweet Christmas Bells.' It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a 'Cheerfully' instruction.

swells, . . . Are sound - ing the hap - py voi - ces Of  
care, . . . O hear the sweet mu - sic - mes - sage That  
near, . . . The sound of the joy - ful tid - ings, 'Till

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of 'Sweet Christmas Bells.' It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a 'Cheerfully' instruction.

Musical notation for the second voice part of 'Sweet Christmas Bells.' It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a 'Cheerfully' instruction.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of 'Sweet Christmas Bells.' It consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a 'Cheerfully' instruction.

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CAROLS.

joy-ous, sweet Christmas bells. . . O sweet is the strange wild  
peals on the morn-ing air. . . It speaks of a love un-  
all the wide world shall hear! . . . O scat-ter the glo-rious

mu-sic, That steals o'er the listen-ing earth, . . . . As  
-dy-ing, Unchanged thro' the chang-ing years, . . . . That  
tid-ings. By ev-'ry wild wind that blows! . . . . O

CAROLS.

tho' once a-gain the An-gels Were hymning the Sa-viour's birth,  
shines like a star of glo-ry, And gleams thro'a mist of tears.  
ring till the lone-ly de-sert Shall bloom as the sum-mer rose!

Ring on, sweet bells, and greet the morn! Pro-claim the tid-ings

"Christ is born!" Ring on, ring on, sweet Christ-mas bells!

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY.

THERE WAS SILENCE IN BETHLEHEM'S FIELDS.

Moderato e legato.  $\text{♩} = 60.$

*p*

1. There was si-lence in Beth-le-hem's  
2. How drear-y the a-ges of  
3. Then sud-den-ly came to this

fields that night, Where the shep-herds their flocks were  
strife pass'd a-way, Since the word of His com-ing was  
an-gel most bright, A Host of the Heav'n-ly

keep-ing; The stars calm-ly shone from their beau-ti-ful height, The  
spo-ken! Still, still the deep dark-ness that reigns ere the day, And  
cho-rus, And a glo-ry brake forth more daz-zling to sight Than the

*mf*

sheep on the hills lay a-sleep-ing, And the qui-et that fell on that  
qui-et-ness al-most un-bro-ken, Thro' dark-ness and silence, Peace  
sun which at noon-day burns o'er us; The si-lence was o-ver the

wondrous hour, From all o-thers was strange-ly part-ed, And  
hasted to earth, Where sheep on the hills lay a-sleep-ing, And the  
Hopelong de-ferr'd, The wait-ing for Christ and His glo-ry, When the

*cres.* *dim.*

Hope that for years had been robb'd of her power, Was the Hope of the wea-  
an-gels de-clar-ed the won-der-ful birth, The end of her sor-  
an-gels sang out and the lis-ten-ers heard The tidings they brought

*dim.* *pp*

heart-ed.  
weep-ing.  
sto-ry.

ry heart-ed.  
row and weep-ing.  
in their sto-ry.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

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THE CHILD JESUS. (2nd Setting.)

TREBLE OR TENOR SOLO. Verses 1, 3, 5, 7, 9.\*  
Moderato.

♩ = 72. Accompaniment to all Verses (Solo or Chorus).

VOICES IN HARMONY. Verses 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

Moderato. ♩ = 72.

\* Or, the Solos may be sung by Treble and Tenor alternately.

*cres.*

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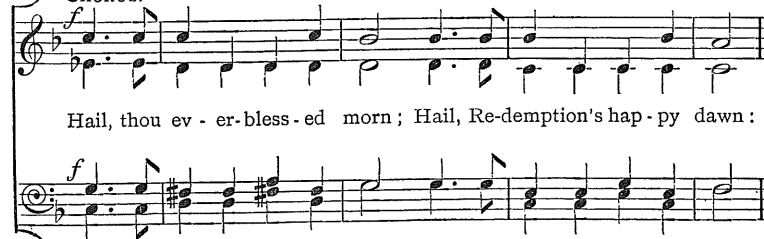
- 1 COLD was the day when in a garden bare,  
Walked the Child Jesus wrapt in holy thought;  
His brow seemed clouded with a weight of care,  
Calmness and rest from worldly things He sought.
- 2 Soon was His presence missed within His home,  
His Mother gentle marked His every way:  
Forth then she came to seek where He did roam,  
Full of sweet words His trouble to allay.
- p* 3 Through chilling snow she toiled to reach His side,  
Forcing her way 'mid branches black and sere;  
Hastening, that she His sorrows might divide,  
Share all His woe, or calm His gloomy fear.
- 4 "Speak, gentle Lord;" she cried with reverent love,  
"Tell me, I pray, what griefs around Thee press,  
Though I of earth, and Thou from Heaven above,  
I am Thy Mother: what doth Thee distress?"
- pp* 5 Sweet was her face as o'er His head she bent;  
Longing to melt His look of saddest grief,  
With lifted eyes His ear to her He lent;  
Her kindly solace brought His soul relief.
- mf* 6 Then did He smile, a smile of love so deep,  
Winter himself grew warm beneath its glow,  
*cr.* From drooping branches scented blossoms peep,  
Up springs the grass, the sealèd fountains flow.
- f* 7 Summer and spring did each with other vie,  
Offering to Him the fragrance of their store;  
Chanting sweet notes the birds around Him fly,  
Wondering why earth had chequered so her floor.
- mf* 8 Then round His Mother lilies white entwined,  
Fresh as her love, and chaste as she was pure;  
About His head the Passion-flowers did bind,  
Type of the sufferings He must soon endure.
- pp* 9 Hid in the wreath was many a cruel thorn;  
Yet on His brow He placed it, full of joy;  
Full well He knew why He on earth was born,  
How by His blood He should our woes destroy.
- f* 10 Know then, dear brother, in these Christmas hours,  
Sorrow, like snow, will melt, if He but smile;  
And if He clothe thy wintry path with flowers,  
*dim.* Amidst thy mirth, think on His thorns awhile.

J. STAINER.

## CHRISTMAS DAWN.

*Moderato.* ♩ = 88.\*

## CHORUS.



\* May be sung as a Treble Solo, except verses 4 and 6.

## CAROLS.

1.

See amid the winter's snow,  
Born for us on earth below,  
See the tender Lamb appears,  
Promised from eternal years.

*Chorus.* Hail, thou ever-blessed morn ;  
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn :  
Sing through all Jerusalem,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2

Lo, within the manger lies  
He Who built the starry skies ;  
He Who, thron'd in height sublime,  
Sits amid the cherubim !

*Chorus.* Hail, &c.

3.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,  
What your joyful news to-day ;  
Wherefore have ye left your sleep  
On the lowly mountain steep ?

*Chorus.* Hail, &c.

4.

"As we watched at dead of night,  
Lo, we saw a wondrous light ;  
Angels singing peace on earth,  
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

*Chorus.* Hail, &c.

5.

Sacred Infant all Divine,  
What a tender love was Thine,  
Thus to come from highest bliss  
Down to such a world as this !

*Chorus.* Hail, &c.

6.

Teach, oh, teach us, holy Child,  
By Thy Face so meek and mild,  
Teach us to resemble Thee  
In Thy sweet humility.

*Chorus.* Hail, &c.

NEW YEAR'S EVE. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.  
*Not fast.*

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a diminuendo (*dim.*) and a crescendo (*cres.*) dynamic. The fourth system ends with a diminuendo (*dim.*), a piano (*p*) dynamic, and the word "A - men." written above the final notes.

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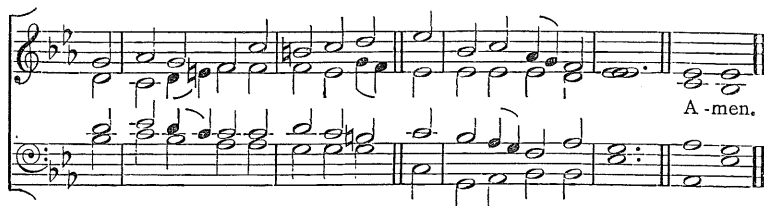
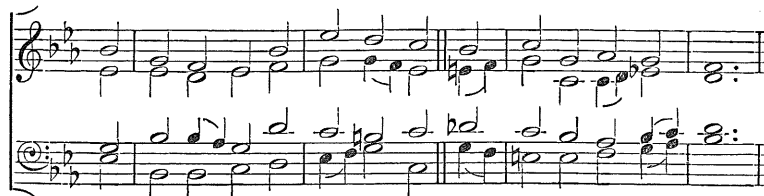
- 1 Across the sky the shades of night  
 This winter's eve are fleeting  
 We deck Thine altar, Lord, with light  
 In solemn worship meeting :  
 And as the year's last hours go by  
 We lift to Thee our earnest cry,  
 Once more Thy love entreating.
- 2 Before the Cross, subdued we bow,  
 To Thee our prayers addressing ;  
 Recounting all Thy mercies now,  
 And all our sins confessing ;  
 Beseeching Thee, this coming year,  
 To hold us in Thy faith and fear,  
 And crown us with Thy blessing.
- 3 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes  
 To dear ones gone before us :  
 Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,  
 Their spirits hovering o'er us :  
 And beg of Thee, when life is past,  
 To re-unite us all, at last,  
 And to our lost restore us.
- 4 We gather up, in this brief hour,  
 The memory of Thy mercies ;  
 Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,  
 Our grateful song rehearses :  
 For Thou hast been our Strength and Stay  
 In many a dark and dreary day  
 Of sorrow and reverses.
- 5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,  
 Like evil spells have bound us,  
 And clouds were gathering overhead,  
 Thy Providence hath found us :  
 In many a night when waves ran high,  
 Thy gracious Presence drawing nigh  
 Hath made all calm around us.
- 6 Then, O Great God, in years to come,  
 Whatever fate betide us,  
 Right onward through our journey home  
 Be Thou at hand to guide us :  
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,  
 Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,  
 Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

JAMES HAMILTON.



SUDELEY.

C.M.

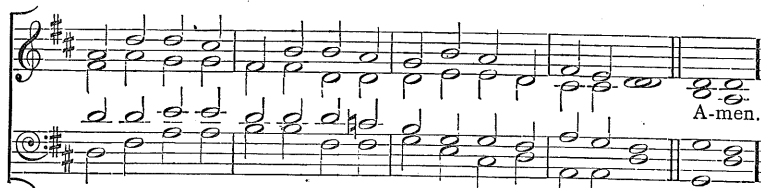
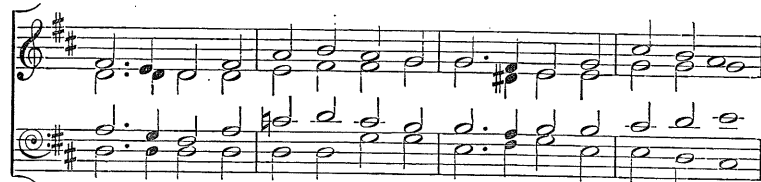
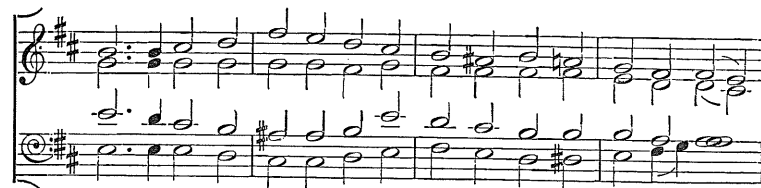
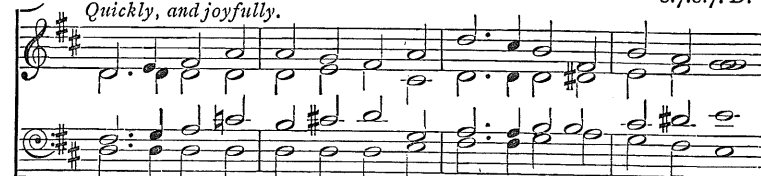


- 1 Jesu, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast:  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy Presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,  
The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,  
O Joy of all the meek:  
To those who ask how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show:  
The love of Jesus, what it is  
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,  
As Thou our Prize wilt be;  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity. Amen.

Tr. E. CASWALL.

STELLA IN ORIENTE.

8.7.8.7. D.

*Quickly, and joyfully.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><i>mf</i> 1 STAR of Heaven, new glory beaming,<br/>In the firmament above,<br/>Sign from God, to man benighted,<br/>Telling of immortal love!<br/>Comest Thou, in Angel brightness,<br/>Issuing from God's Palace gates,<br/><i>cr.</i> Where the festal throngs are meet-<br/>ing, [waits?] <i>f</i><br/>Where for man the welcome</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 Star of Heaven, not fixed in splen-<br/>dour<br/>Far above all mortal ken;<br/>But with gentle ray descending<br/>Shining on the paths of men,<br/>Men who yet have Heavenward<br/>longings,<br/>And desire their God to know;<br/><i>cr.</i> Star of Heaven, light now our<br/>journey,<br/>Homeward as our footsteps go.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 3 In the distance of the ages,<br/>Wise Men saw thy cheering ray,<br/>Pointing them to Bethlehem's<br/>Infant,<br/>Guiding by a secret way;<br/><i>dim.</i> 'Midst the tumult of the city,<br/>Thou wast hidden from their sight,<br/>'Parted thence—"O joy exceeding,"<br/><i>f</i> Once again they see thy sight!</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 Star of Heaven, still lead our wan-<br/>derings,<br/>As we watch the Light from<br/>God,<br/>Streaming calmly, beautifully,<br/>All along our lonely road;<br/><i>cr.</i> Till we see the glory standing<br/>Over the abiding place,<br/>Where the Lord Himself is waiting,<br/><i>f</i> Full of Glory, full of Grace!</p> |
|--|--|

W. J. IRONS.

46

LENT.

St. PAUL'S.

S.M.



- 1 LORD JESUS, think on me,  
And purge away my sin;  
From earthborn passions set me free,  
And make me pure within.
- 2 Lord Jesus, think on me  
With many a care opprest,  
Let me Thy loving servant be,  
And taste Thy promised rest.
- 3 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
Nor let me go astray;  
Through darkness and perplexity  
Point Thou the heavenly way.
- 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
That, when the flood is passed,  
I may the eternal brightness see,  
And share Thy joy at last.
- 5 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
That I may sing above  
Praise to the Father, and to Thee,  
And to the Holy Dove. Amen.

Rev. A. W. CHATFIELD.

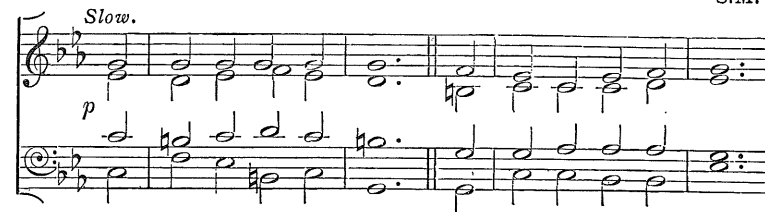
( 90 )

47

LENT.

FOLLOWING.

S.M.



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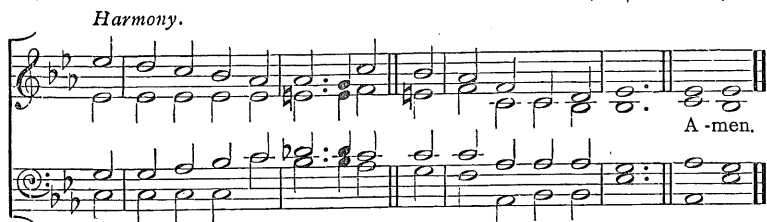
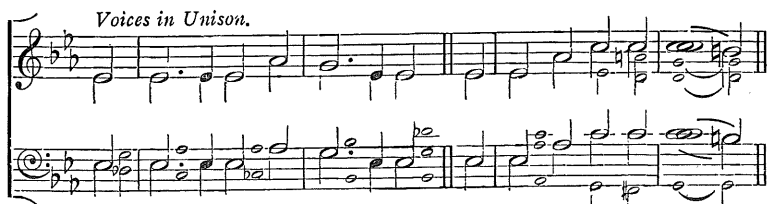
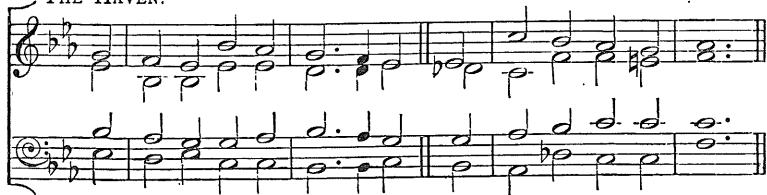
- 1 THOU say'st, "Take up thy cross,  
O Man, and follow Me:"  
The night is black, the feet are slack,  
Yet we would follow Thee.
- 2 But O, dear Lord, we cry,  
That we Thy Face could see!  
Thy blessèd Face one moment's space:  
Then might we follow Thee!
- 3 Dim tracts of time divide  
Those golden days from me;  
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;  
How can I follow Thee?
- 4 Comes faint and far Thy voice  
From vales of Galilee;  
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;  
How should we follow Thee?
- 5 Unchanging law binds all,  
And Nature all we see:  
Thou art a star, far off, too far,  
Too far to follow Thee!
- 6 Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!  
Is nought but what we see?  
Can time undo what once was true;  
Can we not follow Thee?
- 7 Within our heart of hearts  
In nearest nearness be:  
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:—  
Go, Lord: we follow Thee. Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

( 91 )

THE HAVEN.

D.C.M.



1.  
O JESU CHRIST, if sin there be,  
In all our former years,  
That wrings the soul with agony,  
And chokes the heart with tears;  
It is the deep ingratitude,  
Which we to Thee have shown,  
Who didst for us in tears and blood  
Upon the Cross atone.

2.  
Alas, how with our actions all  
Has this defect entwined;  
And poisoned with its bitter gall,  
The spirit, heart, and mind!

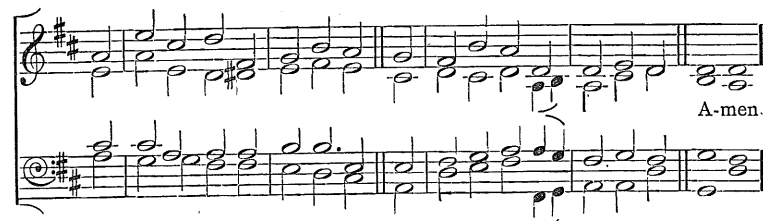
Alas, through this, how many gems  
Have we not cast away,  
That might have formed our diadems  
In everlasting day!

3.  
Yet though the time be past and gone;  
Though little more remains;  
Though nought is all that can be done,  
E'en with our utmost pains:  
Still, Jesu, in Thy grace we try  
To do what in us lies;  
For never did Thy loving Eye  
The contrite heart despise. Amen.

E. CASWALL.

TOTLAND.

L.M.



1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light Divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

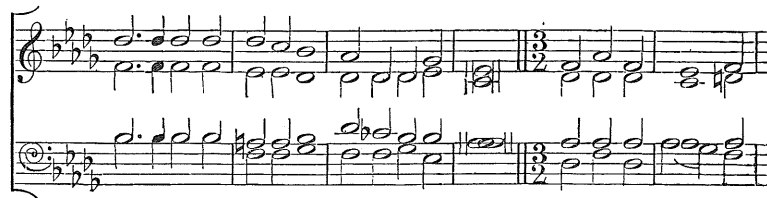
6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me! Amen.

JOHN GRIGG AND BENJ. FRANCIS.

## JAAZANIAH.

*Not slow.*

7-5-7-5-7-5-7-5-8.8.



A - men.

- 1 WHEN the weary, seeking rest,  
To Thy goodness flee ;  
When the heavy-laden cast  
All their load on Thee ;  
When the troubled, seeking peace,  
On Thy Name shall call ;  
When the sinner, seeking life,  
At Thy feet shall fall :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

- 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,  
Lifts his soul above ;  
When the prodigal looks back  
To his father's love ;  
When the proud man in his pride  
Stoops to seek Thy face ;  
When the burdened brings his guilt  
To Thy throne of grace ;  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

- 3 When the stranger asks a home,  
All his toils to end ;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
And the poor a friend ;  
When the sailor on the wave  
Bows the fervent knee ;  
When the soldier on the field  
Lifts his heart to Thee :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

- 4 When the man of toil and care,  
In the city crowd,  
When the shepherd on the moor  
Names the Name of God ;  
When the learnèd and the high,  
Tired of earthly fame,  
Upon higher joys intent,  
Name the blessèd Name :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

- 5 When the child with grave fresh lip,  
Youth, or maiden fair ;  
When the aged, weak and grey,  
Seek Thy face in prayer ;  
When the widow weeps to Thee,  
Sad and lone and low ;  
When the orphan brings to Thee  
All His orphan woe :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

- 6 When Creation, in her pangs,  
Heaves her heavy groan ;  
When Thy Salem's exiled sons  
Breathe their bitter moan ;  
When Thy widowed, weeping Church,  
Looking for a home,  
Sendeth up her silent sigh,  
Come, Lord Jesus, come !  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

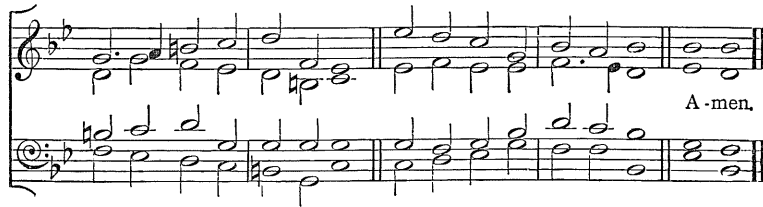
H. BONAR.

51

LENT.

JEJUNIA.

Four 7's.



- mf* 1 Good it is to keep the fast  
Shadowed forth in ages past,  
Which our own Almighty Lord  
Hallowed by His deed and word.
- 2 Moses, while he fasted, saw  
God Who gave by him the Law;  
To Elijah Angels came,  
Steeds of fire and car of flame.
- 3 So was Daniel met to gaze  
On the sight of latter days,  
And the Baptist to proclaim  
Blessings through the Bridegroom's Name.
- p* 4 Grant us, Lord, like them to be  
Oft in prayer and fast with Thee;  
*cr.* Fill us with Thy heavenly might,  
Be our joy and true delight.
- p* 5 Father, hear us, through Thy Son,  
And the Spirit, with Thee One,  
*cr.* Whom our thankful hearts adore  
Ever and for evermore.

H. W. BAKER, from the Latin.

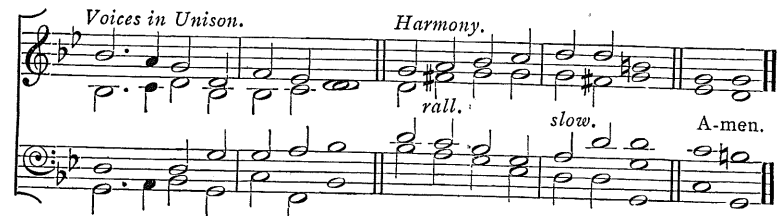
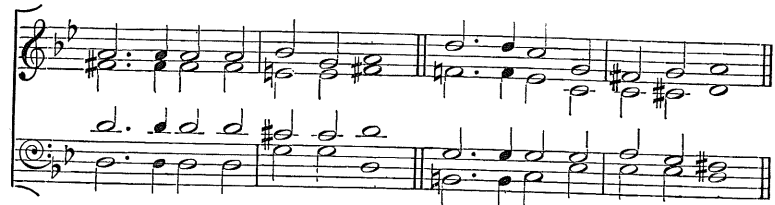
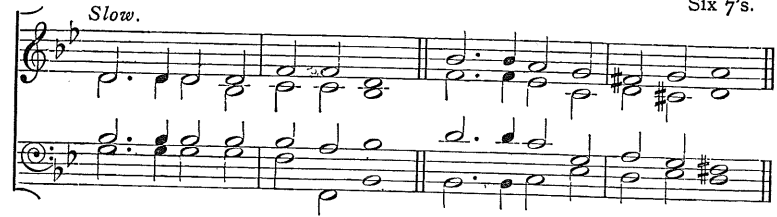
( 96 )

52

LENT.

VENIT HORA.

Six 7's.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1.<br/>Go to dark Gethsemane,<br/>Ye that feel the Tempter's power;<br/>Your Redeemer's conflict see;<br/>Watch with Him one bitter hour;<br/>Turn not from His griefs away,<br/>Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.</p> <p>2.<br/>Follow to the judgment-hall,<br/>View the Lord of life arraign'd;<br/>Oh, the wormwood and the gall!<br/>Oh, the pangs His soul sustain'd,<br/>Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;<br/>Learn of Him to bear the cross.</p> | <p>3.<br/>Calvary's mournful mountain climb;<br/>There, adoring at His feet,<br/>Mark that miracle of time,<br/>God's own sacrifice complete.<br/>"It is finished!" (<i>m</i>) hear the cry:<br/>Learn of Jesus Christ to die.</p> <p>4.<br/>Early hasten to the tomb<br/>Where they laid His breathless clay;<br/>All is solitude and gloom;<br/>Who hath taken Him away?<br/>Christ is risen! He meets our eyes:<br/>Saviour, teach us so to rise.</p> |
|---|--|

J. MONTGOMERY.

( 97 )

G

## CRUX SALUTIFERA.

Eight 7's.

*Slowly.*

*Voices in Unison.* *Harmony.*

1 SAVIOUR ! when in dust to Thee  
 Low we bend th' adoring knee ;  
 When repentant to the skies  
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;  
 Oh ! by all Thy pain and woe  
 Suffered once for man below ;  
 Bending from Thy throne on high,  
 Hear our solemn Litany !

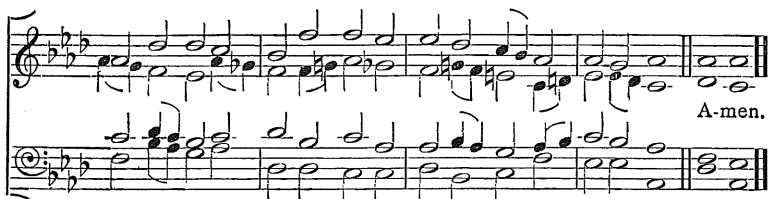
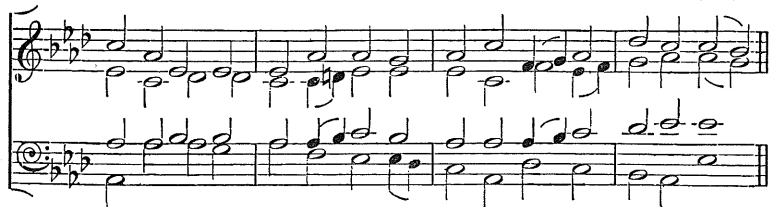
2 By Thy helpless infant years ;  
 By Thy life of want and tears ;  
 By Thy days of sore distress  
 In the savage wilderness ;  
 By the dread mysterious hour  
 Of th' insulting tempter's power ;  
 Turn, oh ! turn a pitying eye ;  
 Hear our solemn Litany !

3 By the sacred griefs that wept  
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;  
 By the boding tears that flowed  
 Over Salem's loved abode ;  
 By the troubled sigh that told  
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;  
 From Thy seat above the sky,  
 Hear our solemn Litany !

4 By the burden Thou didst bear ;  
 By Thine agony of prayer ;  
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;  
 By the gloom that veiled the skies  
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice :  
 Listen to our humble cry ;  
 Hear our solemn Litany !

5 By Thy deep expiring groan ;  
 By the sad sepulchral stone ;  
 By the vault whose dark abode  
 Held in vain the rising God :  
 Oh, from earth to heaven restored,  
 Mighty, re-ascending Lord,  
 Listen, listen to the cry  
 Of our solemn Litany !

ROBERT GRANT, 1839.



1.  
CROSS of Jesus, CROSS of Sorrow,  
Where the blood of Christ was shed,  
Perfect man on thee was tortured,  
Perfect God on thee has bled!

2.  
Here the King of all the ages,  
Throned in light ere world could be,  
Robed in mortal flesh is dying,  
Crucified by sin for me.

3.  
O mysterious condescending!  
O abandonment sublime!  
Very God Himself is bearing  
All the sufferings of time!

4.  
Evermore for human failure  
By His Passion we can plead;  
God has borne all mortal anguish,  
Surely He will know our need.

5.  
This—all human thoughts surpassing—  
This is earth's most awful hour,  
God has taken mortal weakness!  
God has laid aside His Power!

6.  
Once the Lord of brilliant seraphs,  
Winged with Love to do His Will  
Now the scorn of all His creatures,  
And the aim of every ill.

7.  
Up in Heaven, sublimest glory  
Circled round Him from the first;  
But the earth finds none to serve Him,  
None to quench His raging thirst.

8.  
Who shall fathom that descending?  
From the rainbow-circled throne,  
Down to earth's most base profaning  
Dying desolate alone.

9.  
From the "Holy, Holy, Holy,"  
We adore Thee, O most High,"  
Down to earth's blaspheming voices  
And the shout of "Crucify!"

10.  
CROSS of Jesus, CROSS of Sorrow,  
Where the blood of Christ was shed:  
Perfect man on thee was tortured,  
Perfect God on thee has bled!

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON



- A - men.
- 1 WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,  
I look at heaven and long to enter in;  
But there no evil thing may find a home,  
And yet I hear a voice that bids me, "Come."
  - 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?  
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.
  - 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
Evil is ever with me day by day;  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
  - 4 It is the voice of Jesús that I hear,  
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And His the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the Throne.
  - 5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
  - 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress  
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
  - 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord;  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and (*mf*) mine the golden crown;  
Mine the life won, and (*p*) Thine the life laid down.
  - 8 Naught can I bring, dear Lórd, for all I owe,  
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow,  
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,  
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. STONE.

DOMINUS MISERICORDIÆ.

II. IO. II. IO. IO. IO.

*Slow.*

*p* *cres.*

*p* *pp*

*cres.*

*dim.*

*mf* *dim.*

*rall.* *pp* A - men.

- 1 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ;  
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed ;  
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,  
And lay them at Thy feet : Thou knowest, Lord.
- 2 Thou knowest all the past : how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed ;  
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid ;  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,  
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.
- 3 Thou knowest all the present, each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ; \*  
All to each one assigned of tribulation,  
Or to belovèd ones than self more dear ;  
All pensive memories, as we journey on,  
Longing for vanished smiles and voices gone.
- 4 Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last.  
Oh ! what could hope and confidence afford  
To tread that path ; but this, Thou knowest, Lord !
- 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing ;  
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved :  
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved ;  
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.
- 6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet ;  
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,  
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete :  
Then rising and refreshed, we leave Thy Throne,  
And follow on to know as we are known.

JANE L. BORTHWICK.



LENT.  
(OR PENITENTIAL.)

NON TE NEGABO.  
Rather slow.

8.8.8.

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- p* 1 LORD, Thine Apostle heard Thee sigh :  
*mf* Love prompted him at once to cry,  
*f* Though all forsake, yet will not I.
- mf* 2 When Thou from out Thy grave didst rise,  
 And Thine Apostle met Thine Eyes,  
*dim.* Not thus he spake but otherwise.
- p* 3 Thou knowest Lord my words, my fall,  
 Pride would not heed Thy warning call,  
*f-p* And yet I love—Thou knowest all !
- mf* 4 Lord ! we this day across the years  
 Would learn from Thine Apostle's tears  
 That he alone is safe who fears.
- p* 5 We will not dare in pride to dwell  
 On strength of will to love Thee well  
 Nor trust ourselves where Peter fell.
- mf* 6 Though others fail, or pass Thee by,  
 Though others leave or e'en deny,  
 We dare not say " Yet will not I."
- p* 7 Teach us to take a lowlier tone,  
 The good we do is not our own,  
 We dare not try to stand alone.
- mf* 8 Thou Lord of human nature frail,  
 Whene'er temptations sore assail,  
*mf dim.* Help Thou Thy servants lest we fail.
- mf* 9 O give self-knowledge clear and deep,  
*p* Lest, blind and ignorant, we sleep,  
*p* Asserting what we cannot keep.
- mf* 10 Give sense of fear and lowly heart,  
*cres.* And best of all Thyself impart ;  
*p* Safe dwells the soul wherein Thou art.

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

## ON THE PASSION.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

C.M.

- mf* 1 My God, I love Thee ; (*dim.*) not because  
 I hope for heaven thereby,  
 Nor yet because who love Thee not  
*p* Are lost eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
 Upon the Cross embrace ;  
 For me didst bear the nails, and spear,  
 And manifold disgrace,
- pp* 3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
 And sweat of agony ;  
 Yea, death itself ; and all for me  
 Who was Thine enemy.
- mf* 4 Then why, O Blessèd Jesu Christ,  
 Should I not love Thee well ?  
 Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
 Nor of escaping hell ;
- 5 Not from the hope of gaining aught,  
 Not seeking a reward ;  
*f* But as Thyself hast lovèd me,  
 O ever-loving Lord.
- mf* 6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,  
 And in Thy praise will sing ;  
 Solely because Thou art my God,  
 And my most loving King. Amen.

Tr. E. CASWALL.

ALETTA.

7.7-7.7.5. D.

*Slow.*  $\text{♩} = 60.$

*Slower.*

*rall. p dim. rall. pp A-men.*

- p* 1 HAIL, Thou Head! so bruised and torn,  
Piercèd with a crown of thorn,  
*cr.* Wounded as of old decreed,  
*mf* Smitten with the mocking reed,  
Marred (*dim.*) by many a blow;  
*p* Hail! from Whose most blessèd Brow,  
All life's bloom has vanished now,  
*mf* Hail!—though pallor reigns instead,  
*f* Still before that Presence dread'  
*dim.* Angels trembling bow.
- p* 2 All Thy vigour and Thy life  
Fadeth in this bitter strife,  
Death hath now his signet set—  
Drooping and (*cr.*) with blood-drops wet—  
*mf* On Thy Face Divine;  
*pp* Thou this cruel death and scorn  
Hast for me, a sinner, borne,  
*mf* Me unworthy,—all for me!—  
*f* With those signs of love on Thee  
*dim.* Turn that Face on mine.
- p* 3 Yet in this Thine agony,  
*cr.* O Good Shepherd, think on me;  
*mf* From Whose lips of love divine  
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,  
*f* Worth all else beside;  
*p* Though unworthy, with me stay,  
*cr.* Guilty, drive me not away;  
*mf* Unto me Thy Head incline,  
*f* Let that (*dim.*) dying look of Thine  
*p* Still with me abide.
- pp* 4 Let me joy with Thee to be  
In Thy sacred agony,  
On Thy Cross with Thee to die,  
Loving Thee, with Thee to lie  
'Neath (*dim.*) that cruel Tree;  
*pp* Make me for Thy bitter death  
*cr.* Thank Thee with my latest breath;  
*mf* Guilty, grant me this I pray,  
Jesu, that I, (*dim.*) dying, may  
*p* Not be far from Thee.
- pp* 5 True it is that I must die,  
*cr.* Then I would that Thou wert nigh;  
*mf* Quickly come at that dread hour,  
*f* Come, and with Thy wondrous power  
Save, and make me free.  
*p* Jesu, when Thou bidd'st me go  
From this suffering world below,  
*mf* Then, my Loving Lord, be near,  
*f* On Thy saving Cross appear,—  
*dim.* Show Thyself to me.

ST. BERNARD. *Tr.*, ELIZABETH CHARLES, and GODFREY THRING.

ALETTA was the name of the mother of St. Bernard. She died with the words, "By Thy Cross and Passion, Good Lord, deliver us," on her lips. Her son was present; and it has been thought that this hymn, a prayer for his last hours, was inspired by the memory of that scene. ( 107 )

## CRUCIFIXION.

Voices in Unison.

Ten 7's.

## Harmony.

- 1 BOUND upon the accursèd tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is He?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood and writhing limb,  
By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the side so deeply pierced,  
By the baffled burning thirst,  
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,  
Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
- 2 Bound upon the accursèd tree  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the sun at noonday pale  
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,  
Earth that trembles at His doom,  
Saints in light who burst their tomb,  
Eden promised ere He died  
To the felon at His side,  
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow;  
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
- 3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
Sad and dying, who is He?  
By the last and bitter cry,  
By the mortal agony,  
By the lifeless body, laid  
In the chamber of the dead,  
By the mourners, come to weep  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,  
Crucified, we know Thee now;  
Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
- 4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
"Lord, they know not what they do,"  
By the spoil'd and empty grave,  
By the souls He died to save,  
By the conquest He hath won,  
By the saints before His throne,  
By the rainbow round His brow,  
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

H. H. MILMAN.

PLEAD FOR ME.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

*Slow.*  
*mf*

*Voices in Unison.* *Harmony.*  
*pp* *rall.*

Cru - cified, I turn to Thee, Son of Ma - ry, plead for me. A - men.

1.  
HOLY Jesu, by Thy passion,  
By the woes which none can share,  
Borne in more than kingly fashion,  
By Thy love beyond compare:  
Crucified, I turn to Thee,  
Son of Mary, plead for me.

2.  
By the treachery and trial,  
By the blows and sore distress,  
By desertion and denial,  
By Thine awful loneliness:  
Crucified, I turn to Thee,  
Son of Mary, plead for me.

3.  
By Thy look so sweet and lowly,  
While they smote Thee on the Face,  
By Thy patience, calm and holy,  
In the midst of keen disgrace:  
Crucified, I turn to Thee,  
Son of Mary, plead for me.

4.  
By the hour of condemnation,  
By the blood which trickled down,  
When, for us and our salvation,  
Thou didst wear the robe and crown  
Crucified, I turn to Thee,  
Son of Mary, plead for me.

5.  
By the path of sorrows dreary,  
By the Cross, Thy dreadful load,  
By the pain, when, faint and weary,  
Thou didst sink upon the road:  
Crucified, I turn to Thee,  
Son of Mary, plead for me.

6.  
By the Spirit which could render  
Love for hate and good for ill,  
By the mercy, sweet and tender,  
Poured upon Thy murderers still:  
Crucified, I turn to Thee,  
Son of Mary, plead for me.

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

WOODLYNN.

11.10.11.10.

*dim.*

$\text{♩} = 84.$

*Voices in Unison.*  
*cres.*

*Voices in Harmony.*  
*dim.* *rall.* *Amen.*

- 1 My Lord, my Master, at Thy Feet adoring,  
I see Thee bow'd beneath Thy load of woe;  
For me, a sinner, is Thy Life-Blood pouring;  
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.
  - 2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee,  
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;  
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,  
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!
  - 3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness.  
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain;  
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;  
When I am wrong'd how quickly I complain!
  - 4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing  
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,  
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing  
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?
  - 5 O Victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!  
O saving Death! O wounds that I adore!  
O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,  
I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.
- T. B. POLLOCK, *tr.* from the French of JACQUES BRIDAINÉ.

ETIAM PRO NOBIS.

P.M.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff. Dynamics include *mp* and *cres.*

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass staff. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*.

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble and bass staff. Dynamics include *dim.*

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a treble and bass staff. Dynamics include *p*, *cres.*, and *dim.*

Musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a treble and bass staff. Dynamics include *p*, *mf Slower.*, and *cres.* The word *Unison.* is written above the staff.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff. Dynamics include *mf cres.*, *pp*, and *Harmony.* The word *Amen.* is written at the end of the system.

1 Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me,  
While He is nailed to the shameful tree,  
Scorned and forsaken, derided and curst,  
See how His enemies do their worst!  
Yet, in the midst of the torture and shame,  
Jesus, the Crucified, breathes my name!  
Wonder of wonders, oh! how can it be?  
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

2 Lord, I have left Thee, I have denied,  
Followed the world in my selfish pride;  
Lord, I have joined in the hateful cry,  
Slay Him, away with Him, crucify!  
Lord, I have done it, oh! ask me not how;  
Woven the thorns for Thy tortured Brow;  
Yet in His pity so boundless and free,  
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

3 Though thou hast left Me and wandered away,  
Chosen the darkness instead of the day;  
Though thou art covered with many a stain,  
Though thou hast wounded Me, oft and again;  
Though thou hast followed thy wayward will;  
Yet, in My pity, I love thee still.  
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!  
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me.

4 Jesus is dying, in agony sore,  
Jesus is suffering more and more,  
Jesus is bowed with the weight of His woe,  
Jesus is faint with each bitter throe.  
Jesus is bearing it all in my stead,  
Pity Incarnate for me has bled;  
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!  
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

PART I.  
ST. PAUL.

7·7·7·4.

*Foyfully.*

PART I.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 CHRIST, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,<br/>Dead that we may live again,<br/>Therefore let us keep the feast,<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>2 Not with leaven of wickedness,<br/>But the new of righteousness,<br/>Of sincerity and truth.<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>3 Christ, the Lord of Life is risen,<br/>Free for ever from death's prison,<br/>First-fruits of the dead that slept.<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>4 In that once to sin He died,<br/>Now with God is glorified,<br/>Living ever God and Man.<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>5 We ourselves to sin are dead,<br/>Live to God in Christ our head,<br/>Lord and Saviour, God and King.<br/>Alleluia!</p> | <p>6 Christ is risen from the dead,<br/>He's returnèd, as He said,<br/>Riven are the chains of death.<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>7 Since by men dark death did reign,<br/>So by man did man obtain<br/>Resurrection from the dead.<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>8 As in Adam all men die,<br/>So in Christ humanity<br/>Shall be made alive again<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>9 Glory to the Father be,<br/>Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,<br/>Glory to the Holy Ghost,<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>10 Is and was, and aye shall be,<br/>Through the ages endlessly,<br/>Holy, Holy, Holy Three.<br/>Alleluia!</p> |
|---|---|

B. P. BOUVERIE.

PART II.  
*Slow.*

7·7·7·6.

PART II.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>11 Jesu, God's incarnate Son,<br/>For Thy works for sinners done,<br/>For Thy gifts for sinners won,<br/>We adore Thee, Jesu.</p> <p>12 Teach us, pilgrims, toiling here,<br/>Living in Thy Faith and fear,<br/>To the end to persevere.<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>13 That Thy grace our lust may kill,<br/>That we may subdue our will;<br/>All Thy pleasure to fulfil;<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>14 That from sin we may arise,<br/>Swell the triumph of the skies,<br/>Cleansèd by Thy Sacrifice;<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>15 By Thy grace within our mind,<br/>Good desires may always find<br/>Holy fruits of every kind;<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>16 That, all holy as Thou art,<br/>Thou wilt dwell within our heart,<br/>Never from us to depart,<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>17 That our love may stronger grow,<br/>And our lives more clearly show<br/>What we hope to see and know;<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> | <p>18 That when earthly toil is o'er,<br/>We, in rest for evermore,<br/>May behold Thee, and adore;<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>19 That upon Thy Saints who pine,<br/>Longing to be wholly Thine,<br/>Thou wilt pour Thy grace Divine;<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>20 That in mercy Thou wilt come,<br/>Seeking those who careless roam<br/>Bringing all Thy wanderers home<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>21 Wipe, oh, wipe away all tears,<br/>Banish sorrows, sadness, fears,<br/>When Thy light and darknes<br/>clears;<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>22 Teach us how to keep our frame<br/>Pure indeed and free from blame,<br/>Worthy of our Christian name;<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>23 So that when the Angel's cry<br/>Rends the tomb, "The Lord is<br/>nigh!"<br/>We shall meet Thee in the sky;<br/>We adore Thee, Jesu.</p> <p>24 When we, children, welcome Thee,<br/>And shall hear Thee say that we,<br/>Where Thou art may ever be;<br/>We adore Thee, Jesu.</p> |
|---|---|

T. B. POLLOCK.

## PASCHALE GAUDIUM.

7-7-7-7., with Hallelujah.

*Foyfully.*

*mf* *f*

*mf* *f*

*f* *ff*

*ff* *cres.* *fff* *rall.* *A-men.*

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day :  
*f* Hallelujah !  
 Sons of men and angels say,  
*f* Hallelujah !  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high :  
*ff* Hallelujah !  
 Sing, ye heav'ns ; thou, earth, reply,  
*fff* Hallelujah !
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done :  
*f* Hallelujah !  
 Fought the fight, the battle won :  
*ff* Hallelujah !  
 Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Lo ! He sets in blood no more.  
*ff* Hallelujah !
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal :  
*ff* Hallelujah !  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Death in vain forbids His rise :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.  
*fff* Hallelujah !
- 4 Lives again our glorious King :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?  
*ff* Hallelujah !  
 Once He died our souls to save :  
*ff* Hallelujah !  
 Where thy victory, O grave ?  
*fff* Hallelujah !
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
*f* Hallelujah !  
 Following our exalted Head :  
*ff* Hallelujah !  
 Make like Him, like Him we rise :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies :  
*fff* Hallelujah !
- 6 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n,  
*ff* Hallelujah !  
 Praise to Thee by both be giv'n :  
*ff* Hallelujah !  
 Thee we greet triumphant now,  
 Hallelujah !  
 Hail the Resurrection Thou !  
*fff* Hallelujah !

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

SURREXIT.

Voices in Unison.

14.13.14.13

*mf*  
1. Roll back the stone; for the An - gel of God has de - scend - ed,—  
*mf*  
Org. Ped.

Harmony. *cres.*  
Touch'd with his fin - ger the tomb, where the Sa - viour has lain.  
*cres.*

*ff* *cres.*  
Lo, He is ris - en, is ris - en! The bat - tle is end - ed:  
*ff* *cres.*  
Org. Ped.

*rall. to end.*  
Earth could not hold Him; but, trembling, restor'd Him a - gain. A - men.  
*rall. to end.*

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- 2 Roll back the stone; the Redeemer is risen, is risen!  
Roll back the stone, that the world may behold and believe.  
Be of good cheer: He hath burst through the bars of His prison,  
Leading captivity captive, His crown to receive.
- 3 Roll back the stone! Let our hearts in the darkness be riven;  
He is not here where ye seek Him, but gone—gone before.  
Roll back the stone! We would follow His flight into Heaven;  
If we be risen, our eyes shall behold Him once more.

HORACE SMITH.

GAZING UPWARD.

Cheerfully.

7-5-7-5-7-7.

A - men.

- 1 Forty days on earth He spent  
Since glad Easter Day,  
Then from His Apostles' sight  
Jesus passed away;  
Evermore the Incarnate Son  
Sits on God the Father's Throne.
- 2 As a Man He suffered here;  
Did, as Man, ascend,  
From on high the Comforter  
On His Church to send.  
Now in Heaven His death He  
pleads,  
For His Church He intercedes.
- 3 "Lift your heads, Eternal gates!"  
So the Angels sing;  
"Everlasting Doors, make way  
For the Glorious King!"  
Satan's power is overthrown,  
Christ the Victor reigns alone!
- 4 Christ, although we see Him  
not,  
Still is with us here,  
He, the Head, doth still abide  
In His members dear;  
We, in Him, ascend above,  
He indwells with us, by love!

- 5 With the Angels we, O Lord,  
Songs of triumph raise;  
With the Twelve, at Bethany,  
Up to Heaven we gaze;  
Soon Thou wilt return—may we  
Watch with joy to welcome Thee!

C. F. HERNAMAN.



ASCENDIT.

8.8.6.3.8.6.

Musical score for 'Ascensiontide' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' below it.

- 1 O CHRIST our Joy, gone up on high  
To fill Thy Throne above the sky,  
How glorious dost Thou shine!  
Thy Sovereign rule the worlds obey,  
And earthly joys all fade away  
In that pure light of Thine.
- 2 To Thee in prayer Thy people bow;  
O may our sins Thy pardon know,  
The cleansing of Thy grace;  
Then lift our hearts to Thee above,  
On wings of faithfulness and love,  
To seek Thy holy place.
- 3 So, when the sudden call shall sound,  
And with Thy robe of clouds around  
Thou, Christ, shalt come once more,  
Thyself our Judge may'st turn away  
The penalty our sins should pay,  
And our lost crowns restore.
- 4 Ascended up from mortal sight,  
Jesu, we praise Thee in the height,  
Our Joy, our great Reward;  
Whom with the Father we confess,  
And with the Holy Spirit bless,  
One ever-glorious Lord.

D. T. MORGAN. From the Latin.

VENI SPIRITUS.

S.M.

Musical score for 'Whitsuntide' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked 'Slow.' and ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' below it.

- mf* 1 BREATHE on me, Breath of God;  
Fill me with life anew,  
That I may love what Thou dost love,  
And do what Thou wouldst do.
- 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Until my heart is pure,  
Until with Thee I will one will,  
To do and to endure.
- 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Till I am wholly Thine,  
Until this earthly part of me  
Glow with Thy fire Divine.
- 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God;  
*mf* So shall I never die,  
But live with Thee the perfect life  
Of Thine eternity. Amen.

EDWIN HATCH.

VENI. S.M.

A - men.

*mp* 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;  
Oh hear my lowly prayer:  
Stoop down, and make my heart Thy home,  
And shed Thy blessing there.

*cr.* 2 Thy light, Thy love impart,  
And let it ever be  
A holy, humble, happy heart,  
A dwelling-place for Thee.

*mf* 3 Let Thy rich grace increase,  
Through all my early days,  
The fruits of purity and peace,  
To Thine eternal praise. Amen.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

COLUMBA SANCTA. 4.7.10.11.  
*Slow.*

A - men.

1.  
COME, Holy Dove,  
Descend on silent pinion,  
Brood o'er my sinful soul with patient  
love,  
Till all my being owns Thy mild  
dominion.

2.  
Round yon sad Tree  
With frequent circles hover,  
That in my glorious Surety I may  
see  
Grace to redeem and righteousness  
to cover.

3.  
On wings of peace  
Bring from that precious Altar  
The Blood which bids the storms of  
conscience cease,  
And blots out all the debt of the  
defaulter.

7.  
Come, Holy Dove,  
Guide me to yon bright portal,  
Where I shall see the Saviour whom I love,  
And enter on the joys which are immortal!

4.  
Spirit of Grace,  
Reveal in me my Saviour,  
That I may gaze upon His mirrored  
Face  
Till I reflect it in my whole  
behaviour.

5.  
Oh, let me hear  
Thy soft, low voice controlling  
My devious steps with intimations  
clear,  
With comforts manifold my heart  
consoling.

6.  
Let that sweet sound  
To holy deeds allure me,  
With heavenly echoes make my  
spirit bound,  
And of my Home in Paradise assure  
me.

R. WILTON.

CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Six 8's.

Musical score for 'CREATOR SPIRITUS' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a hymn tune with a simple, homophonic texture. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' below it.

- m* 1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every pious mind,  
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete,  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
*mf* Come, and Thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;  
Thou Strength of His almighty hand  
Whose power does heaven and earth command  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.
- f* 4 Immortal honour, endless fame  
Attend the Almighty Father's name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Tr. JOHN DRYDEN.

SPIRITUS VIVIFICANS.

C.M.

*Not fast.*

Musical score for 'SPIRITUS VIVIFICANS' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a hymn tune with a simple, homophonic texture. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' below it.

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1.

*mf* Thou who did'st move through formless night  
Upon the water's face,  
Oh, turn our darkness into light,  
And form us by Thy grace.

2.

*mf* Thou, who to holy men of old  
Did'st grant the power to speak,  
With fervent zeal endue the bold,  
And strengthen all the weak.

3.

*f* Thou, who in flame and whirlwind dread,  
Thy chosen didst inspire,  
Within our hearts, so cold and dead,  
Kindle Thy sacred fire.

4.

*mp* Thou, who, Thyself, didst deign to wear  
The likeness of a dove,  
*p* Descend from Heaven, and bid us share  
Thy joy, Thy peace, Thy love.

HORACE SMITH.

TRANSFIGURATION. Four 10's.  
Rather Slow.

The musical score for 'THE TRANSFIGURATION' is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The music is marked 'Rather Slow'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with the words 'A - men.' written below the notes.

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- mf* 1 LORD it is good for us that we be here :  
For here the evil world seems far away,  
*cres.* And Heaven is close at hand and Thou art near,  
*f* And Thou to us Thy glory dost display.
- mf* 2 Here let us build a lasting dwelling place,  
Where heavenly visions break upon the sight ;  
*f* And we may gaze on Thy Transfigured Face,  
*p* All lost in wonder, worship and delight.
- p* 3 Yet O my Lord, I dare not pray this prayer,  
Nor linger in this presence lest I die ;  
*cres.* This pure transfigured glory is too fair,  
*p* Too near to Paradise for such as I.
- p* 4 He who in realms transfigured would abide  
Himself transfigured by Thy grace must be ;  
It is not heaven to stand Thy Throne beside  
Except by grace the soul resemble Thee.
- mf* 5 Far down beneath, amid my fellow men,  
With earthly self must be my daily strife ;  
*cres.* Until the earthly fall away, and then  
*ff* Transfigured may I enter into Life.

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

LAUDATE DOMINUM CÆLORUM. 7.6.7.6.

The musical score for 'LAUDATE DOMINUM CÆLORUM' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The music is marked '7.6.7.6.'. The second system concludes with the words 'A - men.' written below the notes.

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PSALM CXLVIII.

- 1 OH, praise the Lord of heavèn,—  
Oh, praise Him in the height !  
Oh, praise Him, all ye angels !  
Oh, praise Him, stars and light !
- 2 Sun, moon, and depths of ocean,  
Created by His word,  
Oh, praise His name, Jehovah,  
The everlasting Lord.
- 3 O fire, and hail, and tempest ;  
Ye mountains, and ye hills ;  
Ye fruitful trees, and cedars ;  
Ye rivers, and ye rills ;
- 4 Ye kings of earth, and judges,  
Ye youths and maidens fair,  
Old men, and little children,  
His mighty Name declare !
- 5 His name alone is Holy,  
His praise all Heaven above ;  
Oh, praise Him, all ye people,  
Who fear Him, and who love !

HORACE SMITH.

WHERE THOU ART. L.M.  
Rather slow.

A - men.

*p* 1 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal rest;  
*cr.* Then only will this longing heart  
*f* Be fully and for ever blest.

*p* 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
*cr.* Thy unveil'd glory to behold;  
*f* Then only will this wand'ring heart  
Cease to be treach'rous, faithless, cold.

*p* 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
*cr.* Where spotless saints Thy Name adore:  
*f* Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defil'd no more.

*f* 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove,  
*ff* There neither death nor life will part  
Me from Thy presence and Thy love. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1839.

WONDROUS LOVE. L.M.

*cres.* *dim.* A-men.

- 1 O WONDROUS love, that rends in twain  
Thy sinless heart, lost souls to gain;  
Thyself the Priest, and yet the Slain  
For all our judgments lingering!
- 2 Those Feet, fast-bound in iron, loose  
How many a step from Satan's noose;  
Those Hands, how many a burden's bruise  
Are their soft touches fingering!
- 3 The spear that gashed the Sleeper's Side  
Life's mother wakes, the living Bride,  
Bought with His Blood, washed with the tide  
Of all that Water's purity.
- 4 O Spring shut up, O Fountain sealed,  
O Holiest Place within revealed,  
O windowed Rock for sinners healed  
His inmost Heart's security!
- 5 O Father, when Thine arrows fly,  
Turn on those bleeding Wounds Thine Eye,  
Those Hands spread out athwart the sky,  
And stay the mighty thundering.
- 6 Seen through those Clefts, reached by that Stair,  
For us Thy heavenly joys prepare,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit there  
That we may worship wondering!

H. KYNASTON.

REDEEMED.

1.  
*mf* REDEEMED, restored, forgiven  
 Through Jesus' precious Blood,  
 Heirs of His home in Heaven,  
*cr.* O praise our pardoning God!  
 Praise Him in tuneful measures,  
 Who gave His Son to die;  
*f* Praise Him Whose sevenfold  
 treasures  
 Enrich and sanctify!

2.  
*p* Once on the dreary mountain  
 We wander'd far and wide,  
 Far from the cleansing Fountain,  
 Far from the piercèd Side;  
*cr.* But Jesus sought and found us,  
 And wash'd our guilt away;  
 With cords of love He bound us  
 To be His own for aye.

3.  
 Dear Master, Thine the glory  
 Of each recovered soul;  
 Ah! who can tell the story  
*p* Of love that made us whole?  
 Not ours, not ours the merit;  
*mf* Be Thine alone the praise,  
*cr.* And ours a thankful spirit  
 To serve Thee all our days.

4.  
*p* Now keep us, Holy Saviour,  
 In Thy true love and fear;  
 And grant us of Thy favour  
 The grace to persevere;  
*cr.* Till, in Thy new creation,  
 Earth's time-long travail o'er,  
 We find our full salvation,  
*f* And praise Thee evermore.

H. W. BAKER

PATIENCE.

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- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
 Let this petition rise.
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free,  
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
 And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
 My life and death attend;  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end. Amen.

ANNE STEELE.

THE ROSEATE HUES.

The musical score for 'The Roseate Hues' is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is in 4/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 88. The second system is in 6/4 time. The third system is in 6/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 120. The fourth system concludes with the instruction 'A - men.'.

<p><i>mf</i> THE roseate hues of early dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the sunset sky, <i>dim.</i> How fast they fade away! <i>cr.</i> Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven, Oh, for the golden floor, Oh, for the Sun of righteousness That setteth nevermore!</p> <p>2. <i>p</i> The highest hopes we cherish here, How fast they tire and faint; How many a spot defiles the robe That wraps an earthly saint! <i>cr.</i> Oh, for a heart that never sins, Oh, for a soul washed white,</p>	<p>Oh, for a voice to praise our King, Nor weary day nor night!</p> <p>3. <i>mf</i> Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope, And grace to lead us higher; <i>cr.</i> But there are perfectness, and peace, Beyond our best desire.</p> <p><i>p</i> Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord, And by Thy life laid down, <i>cr.</i> Grant that we fall not from Thy grace, Nor cast away our crown. Amen.</p>
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C. F. ALEXANDER

The musical score for 'Per Recte et Retro' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 4/4 time. The second system concludes with the instruction 'A - men.'.

- 1 O Thou, to Whom in ancient time  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in song sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone  
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength and beauty bend the knee.  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.
- 5 O Thou, to Whom in ancient time  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,  
To Thee at last, in every clime  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

J. PIERPONT.

82

GENERAL.

L.M.

OXFORD.



- 1 JESU, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
Even then, this shall be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.
- 4 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,  
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove;  
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;  
Now take the spoils of death and hell. Amen.

Tr. J. WESLEY.

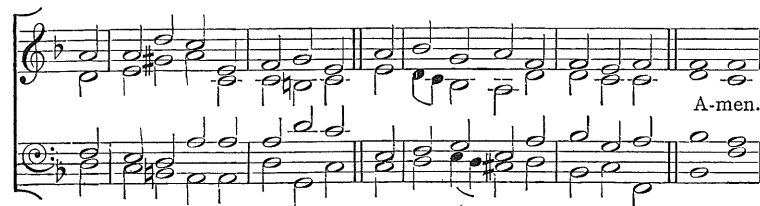
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83

GENERAL.

L.M.

OBEDIENCE.



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- 1 O THOU, Who hast at Thy command  
The hearts of all men in Thy hand;  
Our wayward, erring hearts incline  
To know no other will but Thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our designs control;  
Mould every purpose of the soul:  
O'er all may we victorious be,  
That stands between ourselves and Thee.
- 3 Twice blest will all our blessings be  
When we can look from them to Thee;  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,  
Against our mightiest foes prevail;  
Thy sword our shield from every harm,  
Our strength Thine everlasting arm.

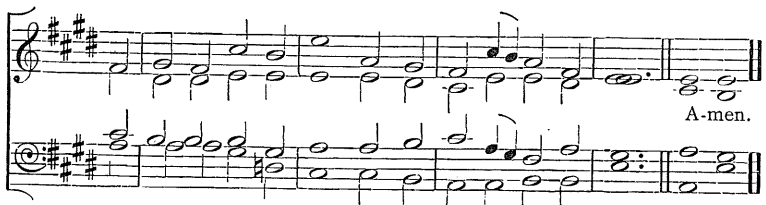
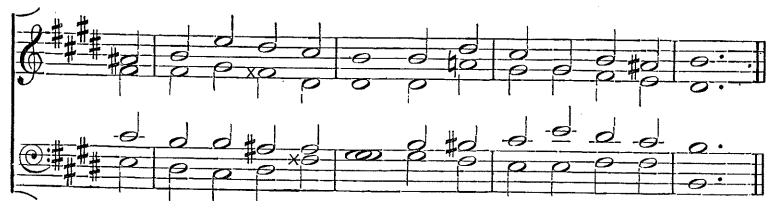
THOMAS COTTERILL.

( 135 )



MAGDALENA.

7.6.7.6. D.



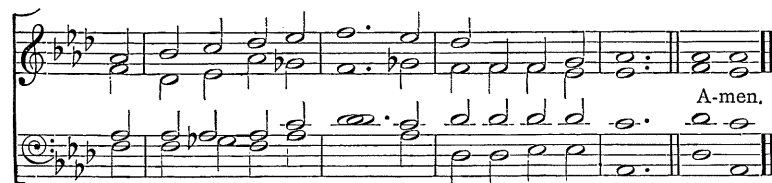
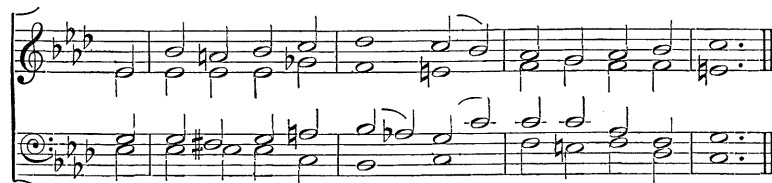
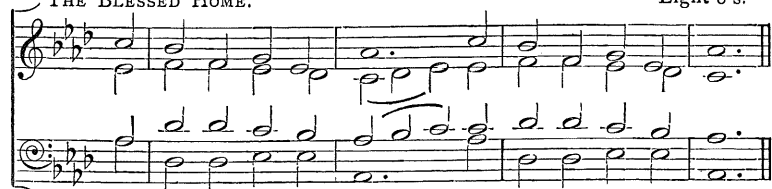
1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus !  
 For I am full of sin ;  
 My soul is dark and guilty,  
 My heart is dead within.  
 I need the cleansing fountain  
 Where I can always flee,  
 The blood of Christ most precious,  
 The sinner's perfect plea.

- 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus !  
 For I am very poor ;  
 A stranger and a pilgrim,  
 I have no earthly store :  
 I need the love of Jesus  
 To cheer me on my way,  
 To guide my doubting footsteps,  
 To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus !  
 I need a friend like Thee,  
 A friend to soothe and pity,  
 A friend to care for me.  
 I need the heart of Jesus  
 To feel each anxious care,  
 To tell my ev'ry trial,  
 And all my sorrow share.
- 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
 For I am very blind,  
 A weak and foolish wanderer,  
 With dark and evil mind ;  
 I need the light of Jesus  
 To tread the thorny road  
 To guide me safe to glory,  
 Where I shall see my God.
- 5 I need Thee, precious Jesus !  
 I need Thee day by day,  
 To fill me with Thy fulness,  
 To lead me on my way ;  
 I need Thy Holy Spirit  
 To teach me what I am,  
 To show me more of Jesus,  
 To point me to the Lamb.
- 6 I need Thee, precious Jesus !  
 And hope to see Thee soon  
 Encircl'd with the rainbow,  
 And seated on Thy throne ;  
 There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
 My joy shall ever be  
 To sing my Jesus' praises,  
 To gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

FREDRICK WHITFIELD.

## THE BLESSED HOME.

Eight 6's.



*mf* 1 THERE is a blessed home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow;  
*cr.* Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
*f* And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

*p* 2 There is a land of peace,  
Good Angels know it well;  
*cr.* Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell;  
*mf* Around its glorious Throne  
Ten thousand Saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One  
And Spirit, evermore.

*f* 3 O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb Who died,  
*p* And count each sacred Wound  
In Hands, and Feet, and Side;  
*mf* To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
*cr.* And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done.

*mf* 4 Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe;  
*p* Wait but a little while  
*cr.* In uncomplaining love,  
*mf* His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. BAKER.

## CHARITY.

7-7-7-5.



*mf* 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
Taught by Thee, we covet most,  
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,  
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Love is kind and suffers long,  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
Love than death itself more strong;  
Therefore give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay;  
Therefore give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;

*cr.* Love in heaven will shine more bright  
Therefore give us love.

*mf* 5 Faith and hope and love we see  
Joining hand in hand agree;

*cr.* But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is love.

*p* 6 From the overshadowing  
Of Thy gold and silver wing  
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,  
Holy, heavenly love.

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

GRATIAS AGIMUS.  
Not slow.

Six 7's.

A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 For the beauty of the earth,<br/>For the beauty of the skies,<br/>For the love which from our birth<br/>Over and around us lies,<br/>Christ, our God, to Thee we raise<br/>This our sacrifice of praise.</p> <p>2 For the beauty of each hour<br/>Of the day and of the night,<br/>Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r,<br/>Sun and moon and stars of<br/>light,<br/>Christ, our God, to Thee we raise<br/>This our sacrifice of praise.</p> <p>3 For the joy of ear and eye,<br/>For the heart and mind's delight,<br/>For the mystic harmony<br/>Linking sense to sound and sight,<br/>Christ, our God, to Thee we raise<br/>This our sacrifice of praise.</p> | <p>4 For the joy of human love,<br/>Brother, sister, parent, child,<br/>Friends on earth and friends above,<br/>For all gentle thoughts and mild,<br/>Christ, our God, to Thee we raise<br/>This our sacrifice of praise.</p> <p>5 For each perfect gift of Thine<br/>To our race so freely given,<br/>Graces human and divine,<br/>Flowers of earth and buds of<br/>heav'n,<br/>Christ, our God, to Thee we raise<br/>This our sacrifice of praise.</p> <p>6 For Thy Church that evermore<br/>Lifteth holy hands above,<br/>Offering up on every shore<br/>Her pure sacrifice of love:<br/>Christ, our God, to Thee we raise<br/>This our sacrifice of praise.</p> |
|--|---|

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT, 1864.

VERBORGNE GOTTESLIEBE.  
Slow.

Six 8's.

A-men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Thou hidden love of God, whose<br/>height,<br/>Whose depth unfathomed, no man<br/>I see from far Thy beauteous light,<br/>Inly I sigh for Thy repose:<br/>My heart is pained, nor can it be<br/>At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.</p> <p>2. Thy secret voice invites me still<br/>Thesweetness of Thy yoke to prove;<br/>And fain I would; but tho' my will<br/>Seems fixed, yet wild my passions<br/>rove;<br/>Yet hindrances strew all the way;<br/>I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.</p> <p>3. 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought<br/>My mind to seek her peace in Thee;<br/>Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,<br/>No peace my wandering soul shall<br/>see:<br/>Oh! when shall all my wanderings end,<br/>And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?</p> | <p>4. Is there a thing beneath the sun<br/>That strives with Thee my heart<br/>to share?<br/>Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,<br/>The Lord of every motion there:<br/>Then shall my heart from earth be free,<br/>When it hath found repose in Thee.</p> <p>5. O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,<br/>To save me from low-thoughted<br/>care;<br/>Chase this self-will through all my<br/>heart,<br/>Through all its latent mazes there;<br/>Make me Thy duteous child, that I<br/>Ceaseless may "Abba Father" cry.</p> <p>6. Each moment draw from earth away<br/>My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;<br/>Speak to my inmost soul, and say,<br/>"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."<br/>To feel thy power, to hear Thy voice,<br/>To taste Thy love, be all my choice.</p> |
|---|--|

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1735, tr. J. WESLEY.

JUST AS I AM.

8.8.8.6.

*Slow.*

A-men.

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 7 Just as I am—of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,  
Here for the season, then above—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

CREDO.

Six 8's.

*A little slower.*

*ff* A-men.

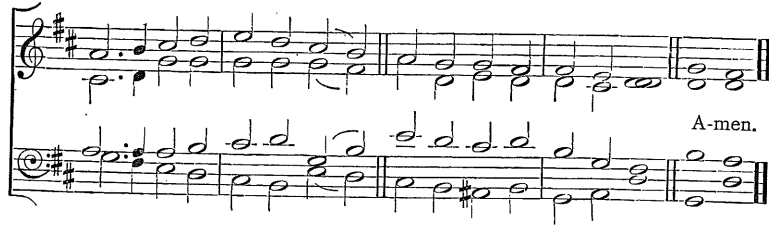
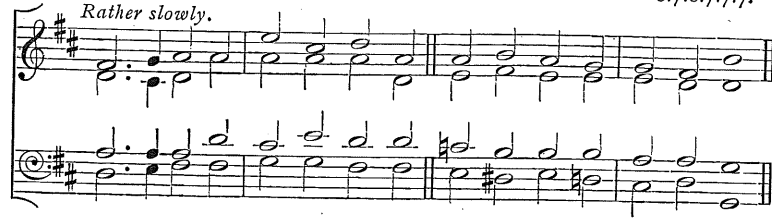
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|--|--|
| <p>I.</p> <p>We saw Thee not when Thou didst<br/>come<br/>To this poor world of sin and death,<br/>Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home<br/>In that despisèd Nazareth;<br/>But we believe Thy footsteps trod<br/>Its streets and plains, Thou Son of<br/>God.</p> <p>2.</p> <p>We did not see Thee lifted high<br/>Amid that wild and savage crew,<br/>Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,<br/>"Forgive, they know not what they<br/>do;"<br/>Yet we believe the deed was done,<br/>Which shook the earth and veiled the<br/>sun.</p> | <p>3.</p> <p>We stood not by the empty tomb<br/>Where late Thy sacred Body lay,<br/>Nor sat within that upper room,<br/>Nor met Thee in the open way;<br/>But we believe that Angels said,<br/>"Why seek the living with the<br/>dead?"</p> <p>4.</p> <p>We did not mark the chosen few,<br/>When Thou didst through the<br/>clouds ascend,<br/>First lift to heaven their wondering<br/>view,<br/>Then to the earth all prostrate<br/>bend;<br/>Yet we believe that mortal eyes<br/>Beheld that journey to the skies.</p> <p>5.</p> <p>And now that Thou dost reign on high,<br/>And thence Thy waiting people bless,<br/>No ray of glory from the sky<br/>Doth shine upon our wilderness;<br/>But we believe Thy faithful Word,<br/>And trust in our Redeeming Lord.</p> |
|--|--|

J. H. GURNEY, and others.

AD PERENNIS VITAE FONTEM.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

*Rather slowly.*

1 On the fount of life eternal,  
Gazing wistful and athirst ;  
Yearning, straining from the prison  
Of confining flesh to burst ;  
Here the soul an exile sighs  
For her native Paradise.

2 Who can paint that lovely city,  
City of true peace divine,  
Whose pure gates, for ever open,  
Each in pearly splendour shine ;  
Whose abodes of glory clear  
Nought defiling cometh near ?

3 There no stormy winter rages ;  
There no scorching summer glows ;  
But thro' one perennial spring-tide  
Blooms the lily with the rose ;  
And the Lamb, with purest ray,  
Scatters round eternal day.

*Sopranos.* 4 There the saints of God, resplendent  
As the sun in all his might,  
Evermore rejoice together,  
Crowned with diadems of light ;  
And from peril safe at last,  
Reckon up their triumphs past.

*Men. p* 5 Purged from every least defilement  
That was grief to them before ;  
Flesh and spirit now agreeing,  
And at enmity no more :  
*pp* Peace is their's without alloy,  
Peace and plenitude of joy.

*Unison.* 6 Where the Saviour's Risen Body  
Sits aloft in glorious state,  
Thither, like the crowding eagles,  
Countlessly they congregate ;  
And with angels share the food  
That unites the soul with God

*Harmony.* 7 There in strains harmonious blending,  
They their dulcet anthems sing ;  
And on harps divinely thrilling,  
Glorify their glorious King ;  
Aided by whose arm of might,  
They were victors in the fight.

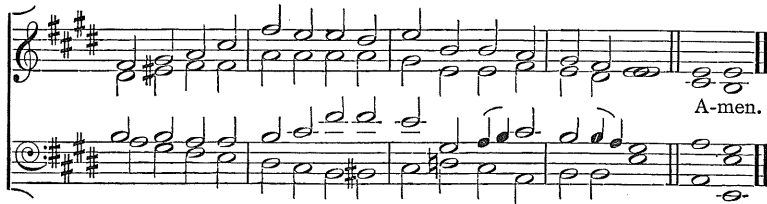
8 Happy they, who with them seated  
Shall in all their glory share !  
O that we our days completed  
Might be but admitted there !  
*ff* There with them the praise to sing  
Of our glorious God and King.

*p* 9 Look, O Jesus, on Thy soldiers,  
Worn and wounded in the fight ;  
*pp* Grant, O grant us, rest for ever,  
In Thy beatific sight ;  
*mf* And Thyself our guerdon be  
Through a long eternity.

Tr. E. CASWALL.

ALL FOR JESUS.

8.7.8.7.

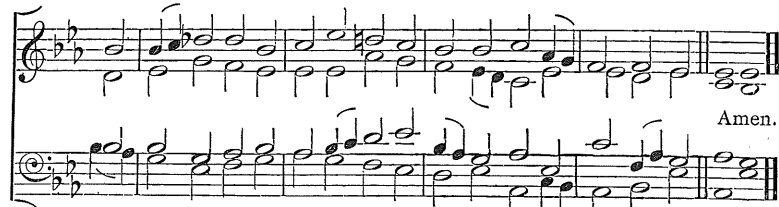


- 1 All for Jesus—all for Jesus  
This our song shall ever be ;  
For we have no hope, nor Saviour,  
If we have not hope in Thee.
- 2 All for Jesus—Thou wilt give us  
Strength to serve Thee, hour by hour,  
None can move us from Thy presence,  
While we trust Thy love and power.
- 3 All for Jesus—at Thine altar  
Thou wilt give us sweet content ;  
There, dear Lord, we shall receive Thee  
In the solemn sacrament.
- 4 All for Jesus—Thou hast loved us ;  
All for Jesus—Thou hast died ;  
All for Jesus—Thou art with us ;  
All for Jesus Crucified.
- 5 All for Jesus—all for Jesus—  
This the Church's song must be ;  
Till, at last, her sons are gathered  
One in love and one in Thee.

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA.  
Rather slow.

L.M.



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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1.<br/>TEACH us, O Lord, to see Thy will<br/>In everything we undertake,<br/>And let Thy blessing guide us still<br/>To toil and work for Thy dear sake.</p> <p>2.<br/>To all, Thou dost not give to do<br/>Great acts of wisdom or of power,<br/>But in our duties, old and new,<br/>We each can serve Thee, every<br/>hour.</p> <p>3.<br/>Sometimes, Thy gracious will ordains<br/>For us, some seeming trifling deed,<br/>Some menial office, which contains<br/>To faithful hearts abundant meed.</p> <p>4.<br/>Sometimes Thou giv'st to us to share<br/>With those who laboured long ago,<br/>And, striving on with faith and<br/>prayer,<br/>Our fellowship with them to shew.</p> <p>9.<br/>Enough for us, Thy will to do<br/>Receive Thy bidding and obey.<br/>For, such, is faithful life and true<br/>Acknowledged at the last great day.</p> | <p>5.<br/>To some, Thou giv'st the call to sow,<br/>Others, are charged the crop to<br/>keep,<br/>Some, only see the harvest grow,<br/>Others, the plenteous harvest reap.</p> <p>6.<br/>Sometimes the humblest effort brings<br/>Results which cause us deep sur-<br/>prise ;<br/>The heart with joy and gladness rings<br/>At what is marvellous to our eyes.</p> <p>7.<br/>We see in nature that Thy hand<br/>Completes Thy will by agents small :<br/>The more we learn and understand<br/>The more we know Thee served<br/>by all.</p> <p>8.<br/>Open, we pray, of faith the eyes<br/>The worth of duty to discern,<br/>That we may nothing small despise<br/>But, there, Thy mission for us, learn.</p> |
|--|---|

ARTHUR PERCEVAL PUREY-CUST.

LYNTON.

Four 10's.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bass staff includes the label 'Org.' with a brace underneath.

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

Musical notation for the third system, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fourth system, concluding with the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

1.

WEARY and sad, a wanderer from Thee,  
By grief heart-broken, and by sin defiled ;  
Oh, what a joy in sorrow 'tis to be  
Conscious that I am still, O God, Thy child.

2.

Strained were the cords of love by my sad will,  
I would have broke them had I had my way,  
But, Lord, it was Thy love, not mine, that still  
Held my heart back, my tott'ring steps did stay.

3.

And now the crumbs that from Thy table fall  
Are all I ask, more than is meet for me ;  
Yet kiss and banquet, ring and robe, are all  
Waiting me, Father, in my home with Thee.

4.

Back to the door which ever open lay ;  
Back to the table where the feast still stood ;  
Back to the heart which never, night or day,  
Forgat me in my most forgetful mood.

5.

Drawn by Thy love, that found me when a child,  
And never for a moment let me go ;  
Still, still Thine own, though soiled and sin-defiled  
I come, and Thou wilt make me clean, I know.

6.

There feed me with Thyself, until I grow  
Into the stature of the life divine ;  
My right to plead, my privilege to know,  
That Christ is God's, and I, O Christ ! am Thine.

7.

Feed me and set me up upon the Rock  
Higher than I, my shelter and my stay  
Against the rudest winter-tempest's shock,  
Against the fiercest sultry summer's day.

8.

Thus let my life in ceaseless progress move,  
On into deeper knowledge, Lord, of Thee,  
The length, the breadth, the height, the depth of Love,  
That first could care for, then did stoop for me.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

TENBURY.

4.6.4.6. D.

1 Show pity, Lord :  
 For we are frail and faint ;  
 We fade away ;  
 O list to our complaint !  
 We fade away  
 Like flowers in the sun ;  
 We just begin,  
 And then our work is done.

2 Show pity, Lord :  
 Our souls are sore distressed ;  
 As troubled seas,  
 Our natures have no rest ;  
 As troubled seas  
 That, surging, beat the shore,  
 We throb and heave  
 Evermore and evermore.

3 Show pity, Lord :  
 Our grief is in our sin ;  
 We would be cleansed ;  
 O make us pure within !  
 We would be cleansed :  
 For this we cry to Thee ;  
 Thy word of love  
 Can make the conscience free.

4 Show pity, Lord :  
 Inspire our hearts with love,—  
 That holy love  
 Which draws the soul above,  
 That holy love  
 Which makes us one with Thee  
 And with Thy saints,  
 Through all eternity.

D. THOMAS.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

8.6.8.6.8.6

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1.  
 FATHER, I know that all my life  
 Is portioned out for me ;  
 The changes that are sure to come  
 I do not fear to see ;  
 But ask Thee for a present mind  
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

2.  
 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
 Through constant watching wise,  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
 And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
 A heart at leisure from itself,  
 To soothe and sympathize.

3.  
 I would not have the restless will  
 That hurries to and fro,  
 Seeking for some great thing to do,  
 Or secret thing to know ;  
 I would be treated as a child,  
 And guided where I go.

4.  
 Wherever in the world I am,  
 In whatsoever estate,  
 I have a fellowship with hearts  
 To keep and cultivate ;  
 A work of lowly love to do  
 For Him on whom I wait.

5.  
 In service which Thy will appoints  
 There are no bonds for me ;  
 My inmost heart is taught the truth  
 That makes Thy children free ;  
 A life of self-renouncing love  
 Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING.



## LOVE DIVINE.

*Slow.*

8.7.8.7.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Love Divine', featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef.

Musical notation for the second system of 'Love Divine', ending with the text 'A-men.' written below the bass line.

*mf* 1 Love Divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of Heav'n to earth come down,  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

*p* 2 Jesu, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love Thou art;  
*cr.* Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.

4 Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;

*p* Pray, and (*cr.*) praise Thee, without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

*mf* 5 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee.

*cr.* 6 Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in Heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHAS. WESLEY.

## ADORATION.

*Slow.*

8.7.8.8.7.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Adoration', featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef.

Musical notation for the second system of 'Adoration'.

Musical notation for the third system of 'Adoration', ending with the text 'A - men.' written below the bass line.

1 I ADORE Thee, I adore Thee!  
Glorious ere the world began;  
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,  
Though divine, yet still divinest  
In Thy dying love for me.

2 I adore Thee, I adore Thee!  
Thankful at Thy feet to be;  
I have heard Thy accent thrilling,  
Lo! I come, for Thou art willing  
Me to pardon, even me.

3 I adore Thee, I adore Thee,  
Born of woman yet Divine,  
Stained with sins I kneel before Thee,  
Sweetest Jesu, I implore Thee,  
Make me ever only Thine.

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

GRANDPONT. *Slow. Voices in Unison. Harmony.* 10.10.

A-men.

1.

BELOVÈD, let us love : love is of God ;  
In God alone hath love its true abode.

2.

Belovèd, let us love : for they who love,  
They only, are His sons, born from above.

3.

Belovèd, let us love : for love is rest,  
And he who loveth not abides unblest.

4.

Belovèd, let us love : for love is light,  
And he who loveth not dwelleth in night.

5.

Belovèd, let us love : for only thus  
Shall we behold that God who loveth us.

H. BONAR.

A LITTLE WHILE.

11.10.11.10.

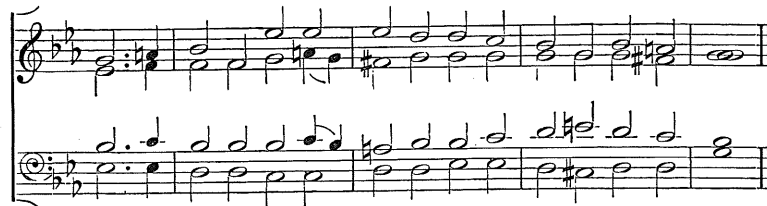
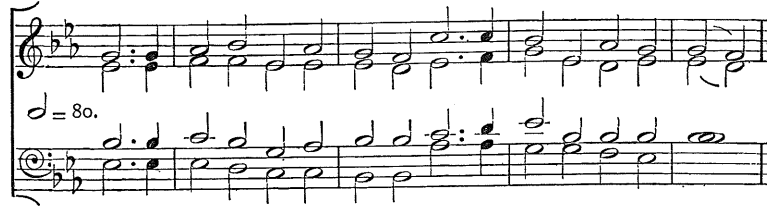
A - men.

- 1 Oh for the peace which floweth as a river,  
Making life's desert places bloom and smile !  
Oh for the faith to grasp heav'n's bright for ever,  
Amid the shadows of earth's little while !
- 2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,  
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong ;  
A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.
- 3 A little while, to wear the weeds of sadness,  
To pace with weary step through miry ways ;  
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,  
Then clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.
- 4 A little while, the earthen pitcher taking  
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed ;  
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking  
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
- 5 A little while, to keep the oil from failing ;  
A little while, faith's flick'ring lamp to trim ;  
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,  
To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.
- 6 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,  
The future glory and the present smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad for ever,  
Will light the shadows of the little while.

JANE CREWDSON, 1864.

DAMIANI.

15.15.15.



1.

For the fount of life eternal thirstily the spirit yearns ;  
Swift the souls to break her prison in the flesh, a prisoner, burns,  
And, like exile, panting, writhing, struggling, homeward ever turns.

2.

Who shall dare the joyous fulness of celestial peace unfold,  
Round whose palace-courts, uprising, lines of living pearls are told,  
Towers and roofs and festal couches blend a radiance all gold ?

3.

Winter searching, summer scorching, never wreak their fury there ;  
Roses bud in bloom unfailing for unfailing spring to wear ;  
Balm is gushing, saffron blushing, lily blanching ever fair.

4.

Sun, nor moon, nor starry courses changing season, there obey,  
For the Lamb is that blest city's light of undeclining ray ;  
He, o'er night and time triumphant, bringeth in perpetual day.

5.

Nay, His Saints are each one shining as the sun's meridian glow :  
Crowned by victor's wreath, in loud Hosannas now their greetings flow ;  
And at last secure they number conflicts of the prostrate foe.

6.

Pure from all alloy, the warfare of the flesh they know no more ;  
Mind with body raised to spirit feels her union at the core ;  
They, in perfect peace reposing, bear not now the cross they bore.

7.

To their native source they gather, freed from all things mutable ;  
There, embodied Truth in Presence ever contemplating, dwell ;  
Thence imbibe a vital sweetness, drinking deep at living well.

8.

Knowing Him that knoweth all things, nought can be to them unknown,  
For they fathom each another's inmost secrets as his own ;  
One thing will they, One thing nill they—consciously their minds are  
one.

9.

Where the Body lies, must eagles flocking come by right of kind ;  
Saintly souls on That are nourished, with Angelic hosts combined  
Denizens of earth or Heaven, One the Bread of Life they find.

10.

Ever new the voice of music makes harmonious anthems ring,  
Long-drawn swell of solemn organs charmèd ears enrapturing ;  
To the King by Whom they conquered hymning worthy praise they sing.

11.

Gazing on that kindly Presence throned in Heaven, how blest the soul !  
While beneath her feet she views this universal framework roll,  
Sun and moon, and, mixed with planets, sphyry stars, from pole to pole.

12.

Christ, Thou palm of holly warriors, entrance to my spirit give,  
Once my soldier's-belt unbuckled, freemen of this guild to live :  
Make me, with those happy dwellers, partner in Thy donative.

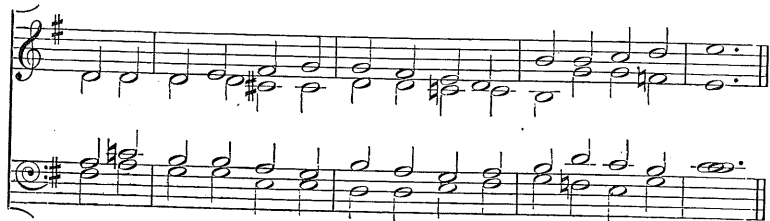
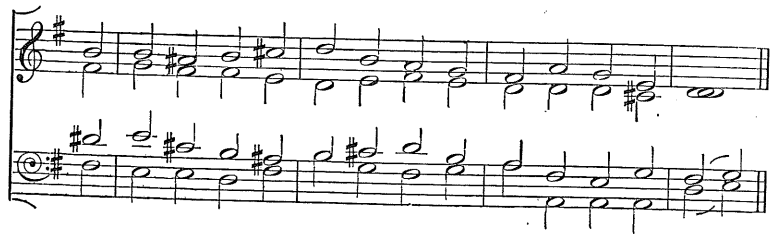
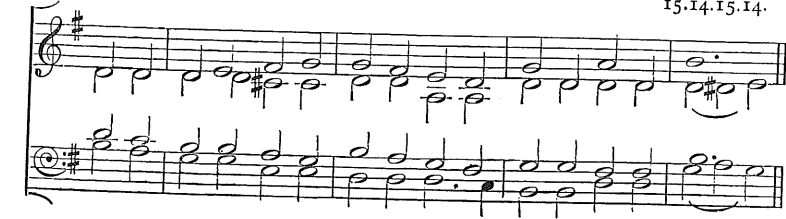
13.

While I toil in unexhausted battle, Thou the strength afford :  
Nor, when war's alarms are over, grudge Thy veteran rest, O Lord !  
Thee to earn, I serve—be Thou for endless ages my reward.

J. DAYMAN, *tr.* from DAMIANI.

## HOMELAND.

15.14.15.14.



1.

THERE is singing in the Homeland—canst thou hear it o'er the strife? —  
The welcome of the martyrs as they enter into life.  
There is glory in the Homeland,—canst thou see it through thy tears?—  
For lives laid down, the victor's crown of life through endless years.

2.

There are praises in the Homeland, they are praising Jesu's Name :  
His Word, their sword ; His blood, their shield ; 'tis thus they overcame ;  
There is gladness in the Homeland for the souls that loved their Lord,  
And held Him dearer than the lives they yielded at His word.

3.

There is weeping in the Earth-land,—canst Thou hear it, Saviour dear ?  
'Mid triumph songs can Earth's deep wrongs now reach Thy listening ear ?  
Or the gladness of the ransomed,—shall it hide Thy children's grief ?  
" Ah ! nay, I know their sorrows, I am come for their relief."

4.

He hath suffered with His people, (*cr.*) for His saint and He are one ;  
O blessed fellowship with Christ, (*dim.*) the Father's suffering Son !  
By the golden links of holy pain (*cr.*) He draws His people nigh  
To holy fellowship with God, (*dim.*) Who gave His Son to die.

5.

Never, never shall the notes of praise that ring through endless years  
Shut out His people's prayers and cries from Jesu's listening ears,  
Though their music strangely blendeth with the cry of them that fall,  
Yet in the heart and love of God He findeth room for all.

6.

Christ is worthy, ever worthy !—at His feet we cast our crown,  
And gladly for our Saviour (*dim.*) lay our lives in darkness down ;  
What is sown in grief and darkness (*cr.*) shall be raised in joy and light,  
God's harvest shall be worth the cost, His victory worth the fight !

FRANCES BROOK

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

10.10.11.11.

*With vigour and quickly.*

Musical score for 'Breast the Wave, Christian' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes the tempo instruction 'With vigour and quickly.' The second system ends with the instruction 'A - men.' The third system begins with a star symbol (\*) and a dagger symbol (†) above the first measure.

- 1 BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest ;  
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's longest ;  
Onward, and onward still, be thine endeavour,  
The rest that remaineth, will be for ever.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian ; Jesus is o'er thee :  
Run the race, Christian : heaven is before thee :  
He, who hath promised, faltereth never :  
The love of eternity flows on for ever.
- 3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;  
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeseth ;  
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever ;  
Mount when thy work is done ; praise Him for ever.

JOSEPH STAMMERS.

† Slur for first verse only.

\* Last Verse.

Musical score for the last verse, showing the final two measures of the piece. The lyrics 'sev - er ; Mount, &c.' are written below the notes.

WHERE BRETHREN MEET.

L.M.

*Not fast.*

Musical score for 'Where Brethren Meet' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes the tempo instruction 'Not fast.' The second system ends with the instruction 'A-men.'

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- mp* 1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls  
The Christian to the house of prayer ;  
I love to stand within its walls,  
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.
- 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts  
Where two or three for worship meet,  
For thither Christ Himself resorts,  
And makes the little band complete.
- m* 3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,  
To join in holy praise and love,  
And imitate the blessed throng  
That mingle hearts and songs above.
- mf* 4 Within these walls may peace abound ;  
May all our hearts in one agree,  
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,  
May peace and concord ever be.

H. F. LYTE.

PER CRUCEM TUAM.  
Rather Slow.

8.8.6.6.3.

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- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 ARE thy toils and woes increasing ?<br/>Are the foe's attacks unceasing ?<br/>Look with faith unclouded,<br/>Gaze with eyes unshrouded,<br/>On the Cross !</p>     | <p>3 Do hell's cruel legions press thee ?<br/>Thoughts and works of sin distress thee ?<br/>It shall chase all terror,<br/>It shall right all error,<br/>That sweet Cross !</p> |
| <p>2 Dost thou fear that strictest trial ?<br/>Tremblest thou at Christ's denial ?<br/>Never rest without it,<br/>Clasp thine hands about it,<br/>That dear Cross !</p> | <p>4 Draw'st thou nigh to Jordan's river ? [thou quiver ?<br/>Shouldst thou tremble ? Need'st<br/>No ! if by it lying,<br/>No ! if on it dying,<br/>On the Cross.</p>           |
| <p>5 Lord and Master, if we cherish<br/>That sweet hope, we cannot perish !<br/>After this life's story,<br/>Give Thou us the glory<br/>For the Cross.</p>              |   |

J. M. NEALE.

CRUX BEATA. (Another Setting.)  
Voices in Unison.

8.8.6.6.3.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 ARE thy toils and woes increasing ?<br/>Are the foe's attacks unceasing ?<br/>Look with faith unclouded,<br/>Gaze with eyes unshrouded,<br/>On the Cross !</p>     | <p>3 Do hell's cruel legions press thee ?<br/>Thoughts and works of sin distress thee ?<br/>It shall chase all terror,<br/>It shall right all error,<br/>That sweet Cross !</p> |
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| <p>5 Lord and Master, if we cherish<br/>That sweet hope, we cannot perish !<br/>After this life's story,<br/>Give Thou us the glory<br/>For the Cross.</p>              |   |

J. M. NEALE.

Triumphantly.

1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
 In sparkling raiment bright,  
 The armies of the ransom'd Saints  
 Throng up the steeps of light:  
 'Tis finish'd! all is finish'd,  
 Their fight with death and sin;  
 Fling open wide the golden gates,  
 And let the victors in.

2 What rush of Alleluias  
 Fills all the earth and sky!  
 What ringing of a thousand  
 harps  
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
 O day, for which creation  
 And all its tribes were made!  
 O joy, for all its former woes  
 A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings  
 On Canaan's happy shore,  
 What knitting sever'd friendship up,  
 Where partings are no more!  
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
 That brimm'd with tears of late;  
 Orphans no longer fatherless,  
 Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great Salvation,  
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
 Then take Thy power and reign:  
 Appear, Desire of nations,  
 Thine exiles long for home;  
 Show in the heavens Thy promised  
 sign;  
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

HENRY ALFORD.

Triumphantly.\*

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 In sparkling raiment bright,  
 The armies of the ransom'd  
 Saints  
 Throng up the steeps of light:  
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 Thine exiles long for home;  
 Show in the heavens Thy promised  
 sign;  
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

HENRY ALFORD.

\* Original Key C.

(OR AT A SERVICE FOR CHILDREN.)

PILGRIM BAND.

TENORS AND BASSES.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

ALL VOICES (OR CHILDREN ALONE).

*m* 1 WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,  
Going each with staff in hand ?

*mf* We are going on a journey,  
Going at our King's command ;  
Over hills and plains and valleys,  
We are going to His palace,  
Going to the better land.

*mp* 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,  
You a little, feeble band ?

*mf* No ; for friends unseen are near us,  
Holy angels round us stand ;  
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us ;  
He will guard, and He will guide us,  
Guard us to the better land.

*m* 3 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for  
In that far-off better land ?

*f* Spotless robes and crowns of glory,  
From a Saviour's loving hand ;  
We shall drink of life's clear river,  
We shall dwell with God for ever,  
In that bright and better land.

*m* 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you  
To that bright and better land ?

*mf* Come and welcome, come and welcome,  
Welcome to our pilgrim band.  
Come, O come, and do not leave us ;  
Christ is waiting to receive us  
In that bright and better land.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.



EUCHARISTICUS.

6.5.6.5.

*Slow.*

*p* 1 JESU, gentlest Saviour,  
 Thou art in us now,  
*cr.* Fill us with Thy Goodness,  
 Till our hearts o'erflow.

*p* 2 Multiply our graces,  
 Chiefly love and fear,  
*cr.* And, dear LORD, the chiefest,  
 Grace to persevere.

*mf* 3 Oh, how can we thank Thee  
 For a Gift like this,  
 Gift that truly maketh  
 Heaven's eternal bliss!

*p* 4 Ah! when wilt Thou always  
 Make our hearts Thy home?  
*cr.* We must wait for heaven;  
 Then the day will come.

F. W. FABER.

AUTHOR OF LIFE.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

*Slow.*

*rall.*

I.  
 AUTHOR of life Divine,  
 Who hast a Table spread,  
 Furnished with mystic Wine  
 And everlasting Bread,  
 Preserve the life Thyself hast  
 given,  
 And feed and train us up to heaven.

2.  
 Our needy souls sustain  
 With fresh supplies of love,  
 Till all Thy life we gain,  
 And all Thy fulness prove,  
 And, strengthened by Thy perfect  
 grace,  
 Behold without a veil Thy Face.

JOHN WESLEY.

APART WITH ME. Six 10's.

*Unison.* *Harmony.*

Amen.

1 "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,"  
 The way is weary and the toil is long ;  
 Come, linger in the sunshine of His smile,  
 And gather strength to meet the woe and wrong.  
 Come, these brief moments, freed from sin and care  
 Shall make you strong the heavy load to bear.

2 "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,"  
 The weary world is surging round you still,  
 And Satan strives your spirit to beguile.  
 Come seek your Lord, and ponder o'er His will ;  
 Come, drink the wine, and eat the broken bread,  
 Meet emblems of the strength ye so much need.

3 "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile."  
 For he that serves his Lord must holy be,  
 And he that labours must be free from guile,  
 And he that sows be filled with purity ;  
 And he that speaks the message of the Word  
 Must first receive the fulness of the Lord

4 "Come ye and rest," (*Har.*) but only for awhile,  
 The fields are ripening (*dim.*) and the labourers few,  
 Go forth and work, and wait the call Divine,—  
 "Come ye yourselves apart, my servants true,  
 And at the Supper of the Lamb adore,  
 Worship, and praise, and rest for evermore."

MARY B. WHITING.

HOLY COMMUNION.  
(FOR THE YOUNG.)

ADOREMUS. *Slow.* L.M.

*p* *cres.* *dim.* *pp* A - men.

- 1 JESU, we worship Thee, True God,  
Who once in Mary's womb didst lie ;  
Taking pure flesh of her, that we,  
Through that same Flesh, may never die.
- 2 O God made Man, O Word made Flesh,  
Who on the Cross didst die that we  
May offer up ourselves, our souls,  
A living sacrifice to Thee.
- 3 We worship Thee, we worship Thee,  
The Virgin's Child, our Saviour dear,  
And give Thee thanks that even we,  
To Thee, O God, may draw so near.
- 4 For Thou dost suffer little ones  
To come to Thee, the children's Friend ;  
O, in this Blessed Sacrament,  
Be with us, Lord, when life shall end.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

HOLY COMMUNION.  
(FOR THE YOUNG.)

ST. FAITH. 6.4.6.4. D.

*p* *pp* A - men.

1.  
How dost Thou come to me,  
Life of my life,  
Lamb of God, Spotless One,  
Victor in strife ?  
Thou art most wonderful,  
Therefore I fear ?  
Thou art all merciful,  
Therefore most dear.
2.  
When dost Thou come to me,  
Closest, most nigh ?  
'Tis at Communion-time,  
Thou art near by ;  
Present in Mystery,  
Veiled from my view ;  
Present, I worship Thee,  
Faithful and True.
2.  
Where dost Thou come to me,  
Saviour, all blest ?  
'Tis at Thine Altar-throne,  
Thou dost find rest :

As the dread words are said,  
Acts duly done,  
There, in the midst of us,  
Dwells God the Son.

4.  
How ? None can ever tell,  
Yet Thou art here :  
When ? In Thy Sacrament,  
Year after year :  
Where ? At Thine Altar-throne,  
Veiled from our gaze ;  
Christ the Anointed One,  
Ancient of Days.

5.  
Hail ! Blessed Sacrament,  
Hail ! Sacred Feast ;  
One, only Sacrifice,  
Victim and Priest ;  
Hail ! Thou Incarnate One,  
Hail ! Living Bread,  
Life of Thy faithful ones,  
Living and dead.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

ANGELINA.

*Foyfully.*

9.8.9.8.8.8.

1. Raise high the notes of ex - ult - a - tion To God's bright throne with

voi - ces clear; The migh - ty Lord of all cre - a - tion Lends

*Voices in Unison. rall.*

to our songs a Fa - ther's ear. E - ter - nal Lord of

heav'n a - bove, Look down and bless their plight-ed love. A - men.

- 2 O'er each event of life presiding,  
 May God rich gifts on each bestow;  
 With heav'nly light your footsteps guiding,  
 As through the world's dark wild ye go.  
 Eternal Lord of heav'n above,  
 Look down and bless their plighted love.
- 3 By God's own word each action measure,  
 Let Christ your great Exemplar be;  
 Still fix your hearts on heav'nly treasure,  
 We hast'n towards eternity.  
 Eternal Lord of heav'n above,  
 Look down and bless their plighted love.
- 4 With cheerful faith in God confide ye,  
 The pilgrim's staff with courage take;  
 And, till the silent grave divide ye,  
 God and each other ne'er forsake.  
 Eternal Lord of heav'n above,  
 Look down and bless their plighted love.
- 5 May peace and love, your lives adorning,  
 Attend you all your course along;  
 Your Christian walk, each night and morning,  
 More steadfast make with pray'r and song.  
 Eternal Lord of heav'n above,  
 Look down and bless their plighted love.
- 6 Together now your voices raising,  
 Vow truth to God, hand join'd in hand,  
 Till on His glories ever gazing,  
 Ye meet in heav'n's own happy land.  
 Eternal Lord of heav'n above,  
 Look down and bless their plighted love.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED SCHÖNER, 1790.

Tr. FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1841.

HOLY MATRIMONY.  
(BEFORE THE SERVICE.)

LOVE IS OF GOD.  
*Not fast.*

II. IO. II. IO.

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- mf* 1 O God of Grace, Whose light is everlasting,  
Shine on life's path and make these souls Thine own,  
That as they kneel together at Thine altar,  
So may they stand at length before Thy Throne.
- mp* 2 Pure be the love that dawns on them from heav'n,  
So may its light stream forth upon their way;  
*cres.* May earthly clouds disperse to melt in glory,  
And sunshine crown each holy, happy day.
- mf* 3 O may the solace of a sweet communion  
Strengthen with peace and fill with joy each heart,  
And may the unction of Thy holy healing  
Soothe those the hand of God alone may part.

ELLA MARY GORDON.

HOLY MATRIMONY.  
(AFTER THE SERVICE.)

GO FORTH WITH JOY,  
*Joyfully.*

II. IO. II. IO.

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- f* 1 Now is the earth with God's glory rejoicing,  
Now are the skies in soft raiment decked fair,  
Now are the song notes of summer awakening,  
Borne on the blossoms that scent the sweet air.
- mf* 2 Great are the gifts that God's mercy dispenses,  
Countless the blessings He show'rs from above,  
Through waning seasons one bloom is unchanging  
*cres.* Decks earth in sunshine, and crowns it with Love.
- mp* 3 No day is gloomy when Love's star is guiding,  
No life is lonely that feels its warm ray,  
All else is fleeting, but through storm and cloudland  
*cres.* Love's brightest promise will ne'er pass away.
- p* 4 Sweet be the solace of hearts now united,  
Safe be their future, Thy strength their sure stay;  
Strong be the current that bears their lives heav'nward,  
Thou at the helm when their barque sails away
- f* 5 Grant that these loved ones may gather joy's harvest,  
Grant, if the waves rise, earth's sorrows they share,  
Grant when the goal gleams o'er silver shores shining  
*cres.* Thy light still guiding may lead the way there.

ELLA MARY GORDON.

MATRIMONY.

7.6.7.6.

Musical score for 'HOLY MATRIMONY' in 6/4 time, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked '♩ = 112'. The score concludes with the word 'A - men.'.

<p><i>mf</i> 1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden, That earliest wedding day, The primal marriage blessing, It hath not passed away :</p> <p>2 Still in the pure espousal Of Christian man and maid The Holy Three are with us, The threefold grace is said,</p> <p>3 For dower of blessèd children, For love and faith's sweet sake, For high mysterious union Which nought on earth may break.</p> <p><i>p</i> 4 Be present, awful Father, <i>cr.</i> To give away this bride, As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam Out of his own pierced side ;</p>	<p><i>p</i> 5 Be present, Son of Mary, <i>cr.</i> To join their loving hands, As Thou didst bind two natures In Thine Eternal bands ;</p> <p><i>p</i> 6 Be present, Holiest Spirit, <i>cr.</i> To bless them as they kneel, As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom, The heavenly spouse dost seal.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them, Let no ill power find place, When onward to Thine Altar The hallow'd path they trace,</p> <p><i>f</i> 8 To cast their crowns before Thee In perfect sacrifice, Till to the home of gladness With Christ's own Bride they rise.</p>
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JOHN KEBLE.

VALE, VALE.

10.10.10.2.

Musical score for 'BURIAL OF THE DEAD' in 6/4 time, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked '♩ = 100'. The lyrics are: '1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep and take thy rest, Lay down thy head up - on thy Sa - viour's breast ; We love thee well, but . . . Je - sus loves thee best ;— Good night ! good night ! good night ! A - men.' The score includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *cres.*, *dim.*, and *pp rall.*.

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<p>2. Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep ; But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep, Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep ;— Good night !</p> <p>3. Until the shadow from this earth is cast, Until He gathers in His sheaves at last, Until the Lenten gloom is overpast ;— Good night !</p> <p>4. Until the Easter glory lights the skies, Until the dead in Jesus shall arise, And He shall come—but not in lowly guise ;— Good night !</p>	<p>5. Until, made beautiful by love divine, Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine, And He shall bring that golden crown of thine ;— Good night !</p> <p>6. Only " Good night ! " beloved, not " Farewell ! " A little while, and all His saints shall dwell In hallowed union, indivisible ;— Good night !</p> <p>7. Until we meet again before His throne, Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own ; Until we know, even as we are known ;— Good night !</p>
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SARAH DOUDNEY

IN MANUS TUAS.

7.7.7.7.8.8.

*Not slow.*

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The tempo is marked 'Not slow' and the time signature is 7/8. The first staff contains the vocal line with lyrics 'Fa - ther, Fa - ther, in Thy gra-cious keep-ing; Leave we' and the second staff contains the piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system.

Musical notation for the third system, including the vocal line with lyrics 'Fa - ther, Fa - ther, in Thy gra-cious keep-ing; Leave we' and the piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including the vocal line with lyrics 'now Thy ser-vant sleep - ing. A - men.' and the piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'poco rall.' and the dynamics include 'pp' and 'p'.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

- 1 Now the labourer's task is o'er ;  
Now the battle-day is past ;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 2 There the tears of earth are dried ;  
There its hidden things are clear ;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 3 There the angels bear on high  
Many a stray'd and wounded lamb,  
Peacefully at last to lie  
In the breast of Abraham.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 4 There the sinful souls that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Christ shall learn  
At His feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 5 There no more the pow'rs of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace ;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well.  
He Who died for their release.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 6 " Earth to earth," and " dust to dust ;"  
Calmly now the words we say ;  
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust  
Till the resurrection day.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

MORS ET VITA.

L.M.

*Rather slow.*

1.  
*mp* Now lay we calmly in the grave  
This form, whereof no doubt we  
have  
*cr.* That it shall rise again that day  
In glorious triumph o'er decay.

2.  
*mp* And so to earth again we trust  
What came from dust, and turns  
to dust,  
*mf* And from the dust shall surely  
rise  
When the last trumpet fills the  
skies.

3.  
*m* His soul is living now in God,  
Whose grace his pardon hath  
bestowed,  
Who through His Son redeemed  
him here  
From bondage unto sin and  
fear.

4.  
His trials and his griefs are  
past;  
A blessed end is his at last;  
He bore Christ's yoke, and did  
His will,  
And though he died he liveth  
still.

5.  
He lives where none can mourn  
and weep,  
And calmly shall this body sleep  
Till God shall death himself  
destroy,  
And raise it into glorious joy.

6.  
*mp* He suffered pain and grief  
below;  
*m* Christ heals him now from all  
his woe;  
*mf* For him hath endless joy begun;  
He shines in glory like the  
sun.

7.  
*mp* Then let us leave him to his rest,  
And homeward turn, for he is  
blest,  
And we must well our souls  
prepare,  
When death shall come, to meet  
him there.

8.  
*m* So help us, Christ, our Hope in  
loss;  
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy  
cross  
From endless death and misery  
*mf* We praise, we bless, we worship  
Thee.

M. WEISSE. Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

WEEP NOT FOR ME. (Or at a Service IN MEMORIAM.)

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

*Not slow.*  $\text{♩} = 84.$

1 WHEN the spark of life is waning,  
Weep not for me;  
When the languid eye is straining,  
Weep not for me;  
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
Start not at its swift decreasing,  
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing,  
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,  
Weep not for me;  
Christ is mine, He cannot fail me,  
Weep not for me;  
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour,  
From His love my soul to sever,  
Jesus is my strength for ever:  
Weep not for me.

THOMAS DALE, 1797-1870.



GATHERED IN.

7.8.7.8.7.7.

Musical score for the first system of 'BURIAL OF A CHILD'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato' with a quarter note equal to 88. The music is in a homophonic style with a steady accompaniment.

Musical score for the second system of 'BURIAL OF A CHILD'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music continues with a similar homophonic texture.

Musical score for the third system of 'BURIAL OF A CHILD'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music concludes with a final chord and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

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- 1 GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled  
 Now Thy little lamb's long weeping;  
 Ah how peaceful, pale, and mild,  
 In *his* narrow bed *he's* sleeping,  
 And no sigh of anguish sore  
 Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In this world of care and pain,  
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave  
*him*;  
 To the sunny heavenly plain  
 Dost Thou now with joy receive *him*;  
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
 Now *he* dwells with Thee in light.

- 3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we  
 Where *he* lives may soon be living,  
 And the lovely pastures see  
 That *his* heavenly food are giving:  
 Then the gain of death we prove  
 Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. MEINHOLD. Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

( 184 )

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

C.M.

Moderato.  $\text{♩} = 72$ .

Musical score for the first system of 'AT A SOLDIER'S GRAVE'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato' with a quarter note equal to 72. The music is in a homophonic style.

Musical score for the second system of 'AT A SOLDIER'S GRAVE'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'rall. e dim.' (rallentando and diminuendo). The music concludes with a final chord and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

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- 1 God's faithful soldiers rest in peace,  
 Their toil, their warfare o'er;  
 Life's long and weary wanderings cease,  
 They watch, they strive, no more.
- 2 Their anxious service now is done,  
 Their course allotted trod,  
 The rest in Paradise begun,  
 Their souls are safe with God.
- 3 No more by hostile foes assailed,  
 No more by fears depressed,  
 With Christ, their Captain, they prevailed,  
 And in His peace are blessed.
- 4 They bore the Standard of their Lord,  
 The Cross by which He died,  
 They wielded well faith's trusty sword  
 For Him, the crucified.
- 5 Firm they endured their lot of pain,  
 Obedient to His Will;  
 Their sufferings they counted gain,  
 Now every pang is still.
- 6 They did their duty at the post  
 Chosen for them by Him,  
 The Captain of God's glorious host  
 Of men and Seraphim.
- 7 Their failings pardoned, sins forgiven,  
 Through His atoning love,  
 Amidst the victor ranks in Heaven  
 They stand with Him above,
- 8 Lord give *us* grace to fight the fight  
 And Thou our Leader be,  
 Clad in the armour of Thy might  
 Help *us* to follow Thee.

ARTHUR PERCEVAL PUREY-CUST.

( 185 )

REST.

Six 8's.

Voices in Unison. Harmony.

A-men.

1.  
THE Saints of God! their conflict past,  
And life's long battle won at last,  
No more they need the shield or sword,  
They cast them down before their  
Lord:  
O happy Saints! for ever blest,  
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

2.  
The Saints of God! their wanderings  
done,  
No more their weary course they run,  
No more they faint, no more they fall,  
No foes oppress, no fears appal:  
O happy Saints! for ever blest,  
In that dear home how sweet your  
rest!

5.  
O God of Saints, to Thee we cry;  
O Saviour, plead for us on high;  
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,  
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;  
That with all Saints our rest may be  
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

Archbishop MACLAGAN.

ST. PETER AND ST. JOHN.

L.M

Rather slow.

Amen.

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*mf* 1 DEAR Lord, Whose grave Thy servants twain  
This morn beheld with eager gaze,  
One saw perplexed and gazed in vain,  
The other understood Thy ways.

*p* 2 The folded robe, the vacant tomb,  
All told their tale to blessed John;  
*cres.* While Peter, peering through the gloom,  
*mf* Perceived not what he looked upon.

3 Say why was truth to one revealed?  
Why only one had eyes to see?  
Why thus was truth from one concealed,  
And wrapped in depth of mystery?

*p* 4 Ah Lord! we need not ask Thee why:  
For one disowned Thee and denied;  
*cres.* The other watched, beheld Thee die,  
*mf* Faithful and firm Thy Cross beside.

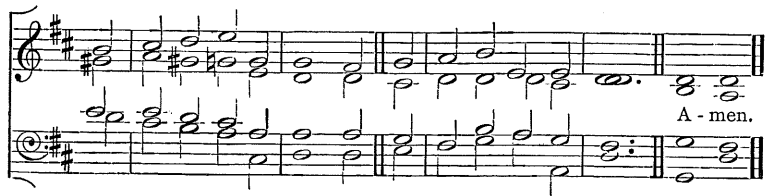
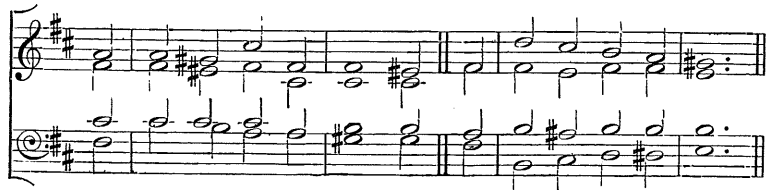
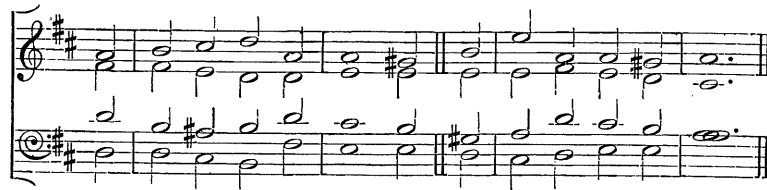
*mf* 5 The shame, the stormy penitence,  
Still clouded Thine Apostle's mind;  
*p* He gazed, yet he departed thence,  
To heavenly meaning dull and blind.

*f* 6 But faith and love were crowned with grace;  
*cres.* Thou gavest these their due reward,  
E'en in the grave Thy Truth to trace,  
*ff* And there discern the Risen Lord.

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

STOLA REGIA.

7.6.7.6.D.



*mf* I IN royal robes of splendour,  
 Before the great King's feet,  
 The Princes of His Kingdom,  
 The crown'd Apostles, meet  
 To Him their songs adoring  
 With heart and tongue they bring,  
 Pure hearts and mighty voices—  
 E'en as the Angels sing.

- 2 This Order sheds its lustre  
 O'er all the human race ;  
 A court of righteous judgment,  
 The Rock of Gospel grace ;—  
 Rock of His Church, for ages  
 Elected and foreknown ;  
 Whose glorious Master-BUILDER  
 Is Head and Corner-Stone.
- 3 These are the Nazareans,  
 Fame heralds to the world,  
 Who, preaching Christ, His Banner  
 Of victory unfurl'd.  
 Day unto day shows knowledge ;  
 Night utters speech to night ;  
 So these to earth's four corners  
 Their wondrous tale recite.
- 4 Christ's burden light they proffer,  
 His easy yoke proclaim ;  
 The seed of life they scatter,  
 That all may own His Name.  
 The earth brought forth and budded,  
 Where'er their ploughshare ran,  
 And fruits of increase follow'd  
 The faith of God made Man.
- 5 These are the sure foundation  
 On which the Temple stands ;  
 The living stones compacting  
 That house not made with hands ;  
 The gates by which man enters  
 Jerusalem the new ;  
 The bond which knits together  
 The Gentile and the Jew.
- 5 Let error flee before them,  
 Let truth extend her sway ;  
 Let dread of final judgment  
 To faith and love give way ;  
 That, loosed from our offences,  
 We then may number'd be  
*f* Among Thy Saints in glory,  
 Around the Throne with Thee.

Tr. J. MASON.

JERUSALEM.

7.6.7.6. D.



- mf* 1 AWAKE, awake, O Zion,  
Put on thy strength divine,  
The garments bright in beauty,  
The bridal dress be thine :  
Jerusalem the holy,  
To purity restored ;  
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,  
Go forth to meet thy Lord.
- mf* 2 From henceforth pure and spotless,  
All glorious within,  
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,  
And cleansed from every sin ;  
*dim.* With love and wonder smitten,  
And bowed in guileless shame,  
*p* Upon thy heart be written  
The new mysterious Name.
- f* 3 Jerusalem victorious  
In triumph o'er her foes ;  
Mount Zion, great and glorious,  
Thy gates no more shall close.  
Earth's millions shall assemble  
Around thine open door,  
While hell and Satan tremble,  
And earth and heaven adore.
- mf* 4 The Lamb Who bore our sorrows,  
Comes down to earth again ;  
No Sufferer now, but Victor,  
For evermore to reign.  
*f* To reign in every nation,  
To rule in every zone ;  
Oh world-wide coronation,  
In every heart a throne !
- mf* 5 Awake, awake, O Zion,  
Thy bridal day draws nigh ;  
The day of signs and wonders,  
And marvels from on high.  
*dim.* Thy sun uprises slowly,  
But keep thou watch and ward ;  
*cr.* Fair bride, all pure and lowly,  
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

B. GOUGH.

EXIVIT SONUS EORUM.

8.7.8.7. D.

*Joyfully.*

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and accompaniment consisting of quarter notes G2, A2, B2, and C3.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F#5, and G5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes D2, E2, F#2, and G2.

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff continues with quarter notes A5, B5, C6, and D6. The bass staff continues with quarter notes A2, B2, C3, and D3.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece with a double bar line. The treble staff ends with a half note G5. The bass staff ends with a half note G2. The text "A-men." is written below the bass staff.

1.

LIKE a mighty man, rejoicing in his strength his course to run,  
Light and life to all imparting, speedeth forth the glorious sun;  
Glorious as the sun, the Gospel speedeth onward from its birth,  
Christ's supreme command renewing—"Go ye forth to all the earth."

2.

"Go ye forth and preach the Gospel"—they, that heard His voice, obeyed,  
Strengthened by His Holy Spirit, by their foemen undismayed;  
In their hearts that word of comfort from their Master and their Friend,  
"Fear ye not, for I am with you always, even to the end."

3.

We, who, following in their footsteps, strive like them to do His will,  
Find His gracious presence aiding all our feeble efforts still;  
While, o'er every foe triumphant, not by might of spear or sword,  
Unto earth's remotest borders spreads the Gospel of the Lord.

4.

East hath heard it, West hath heard it: every country, every clime  
Knows the tidings of Redemption through the Sacrifice Sublime.  
They that walked of old in darkness and the gloom of deathly night,  
Lo! on them the day hath risen, Lo! around them shines the light.

5.

Age succeeding age hath witnessed, how the Lord His word fulfils;  
Sure and steadfast stands His promise as the everlasting hills:  
Ours to labour, till hereafter, in the fulness of the days,  
All on earth with all in heaven shall unite His Name to praise.

A. C. AINGER.

OBLATIONS.

D.S.M.

First system of musical notation for 'Oblations'. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The tempo is marked '♩ = 76'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

Second system of musical notation for 'Oblations', continuing the vocal and piano parts.

Third system of musical notation for 'Oblations', continuing the vocal and piano parts.

Fourth system of musical notation for 'Oblations', concluding with the text 'A-men.' written below the piano part.

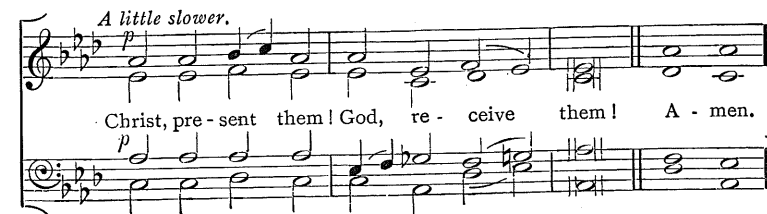
- mf* 1 BLESSÈD and Holy Three,  
Sire and coequal Son,  
*cr.* And gracious Spirit, unto Thee  
Be praise while ages run.  
*mf* From Thee all good gifts come,  
Whereby Thy creatures live :—  
*dim.* Our health, our food, our joys of home  
*p* Thou ceapest not to give.
- mf* 2 Lord, we Thy servants taught  
That Thou wilt not disdain  
Oblations to Thine Altar brought,  
Now offer them again :  
*p* Unworthy though we be,  
Through sins so manifold,  
To bring in sacrifice to Thee  
The silver or the gold.
- mf* 3 Father, accept, we pray,  
This bounden duty here,  
*cr.* And service we are met to pay,  
Who Thy great Name revere.  
*dim.* In this Thine house we plead  
The merits of Thy Son,  
*p* That He may pardon each misdeed  
And duty left undone.
- f* 4 Ever Thy sick and poor  
Disciples true shall tend,  
And, be it scant or full, their store  
On Thy glad service spend :  
*cr.* And precious in Thy sight  
Are tokens of their love—  
The costly nard, the widow's mite,  
All treasur'd are above.
- p* 5 Merciful Saviour deign  
To sanctify each gift ;  
*cr.* Thy waiting people ne'er in vain  
To Thee their hearts uplift.  
*mf* In royal David's days  
The Hebrews joy'd to bring  
*f* To Thee their sacrifice of praise,\*  
Their votive offering.
- mf* 6 Ours be the mind that willed †  
Its choicest gifts to bring,—  
*cr.* "The perfect heart" with gladness filled  
Of Zion and her king,  
*f* So grant us here to-day,  
Before Thee to rejoice,  
*dim.* As we our homage come to pay,  
In gifts, in heart, in voice. Amen.  
S. CHILDS CLARKE.

\* "He that giveth alms sacrificeth praise."

† "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted."

HOLY OFFERINGS.  
Not fast.

7-7-7-7-8.8.8.8.



1.

HOLY off'rings, rich and rare,  
Offerings of praise and prayer,  
Purer life and purpose high,  
Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,  
Lowly acts of adoration  
To the God of our salvation—  
On His altar laid we leave them :  
p Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

2.

p Promises in sorrow made,  
Left, alas! too long unpaid ;  
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,  
Never into action wrought—  
Long withheld, we now restore them,  
On Thy holy altar pour them :  
There in trembling faith to leave them,  
p Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

3.

p Vows and longings, hopes and fears,  
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,  
Dreams of what we yet might be  
Could we cling more close to Thee.  
Which, despite of faults and failings,  
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—  
On Thine altar laid we leave them :  
p Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

4.

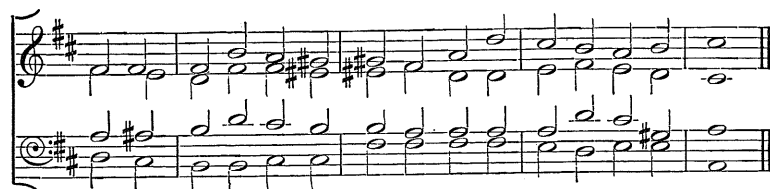
p Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,  
Love of self and human praise,  
Pride of life and lust of eye,  
Worldly pomp and vanity—  
Faults that let and will not leave us,  
Though their staying sorely grieve us,  
Help, oh, help us to outlive them :  
p Christ, atone for ! God, forgive them !

J. S. B. MONSELL.

132 FOR A SERVICE FOR WORKING MEN.

SONS OF LABOUR.

8.7.8.7. D.



1 Sons of Labour, dear to Jesus,  
To your homes and work again ;  
Go with brave hearts back to duty,  
Face the peril, bear the pain.  
Be your dwellings ne'er so lowly,  
Yet remember, by your bed,  
That the Son of God most Holy  
Had not where to lay His head.

FOR A SERVICE FOR WORKING MEN.

2 Sons of Labour, think of Jesus  
As you rest your homes within,  
Think of that sweet Babe of Mary  
In the stable of the Inn.  
Think how in the sacred story  
Jesus took a humble grade,  
And the Lord of Life and Glory  
Work'd with Joseph at his trade.

3 Sons of Labour, pray to Jesus,  
Oh, how Jesus pray'd for you .  
In the moonlight, on the mountain,  
Where the shimmering olives grew.  
When you rise up at the dawning,  
Ere to toil you wend your way,  
Pray, as He pray'd, in the morning,  
Long before the break of day.

4 Sons of Labour, be like Jesus,  
Undefilèd, chaste, and pure ;  
And, though Satan tempt you sorely,  
By His grace you shall endure.  
Husband, father, son, and brother,  
Be ye gentle, just, and true,—  
Be ye kind to one another,  
As the Lord is kind to you.

5 Sons of Labour, seek for Jesus,  
Where He tells you ye shall find,  
In the children, 'mid the mourners,  
In the sick, poor, lame, and blind.—  
"Search the Scriptures," He entreats you,  
"For of Me they testify ;"  
Love His Altar, where He meets you,  
Saying, " Fear not—It is I."

6 Sons of Labour, go to Jesus,  
In your sorrow, shame, and loss ;  
He is nearest, you are dearest,  
When you bravely bear His Cross.  
Go to Him, Who died to save you,  
And is still the sinner's Friend ;  
And the great love, which forgave you,  
Will forgive you to the end.

7 Sons of Labour, live for Jesus,  
Be your work your worship too ;  
In His Name, and in His glory,  
Do whate'er you find to do ;  
Till this night of sin and sorrow  
Be for ever overpast ;  
And we see the golden morrow,  
Home with Jesus, home at last !

S. REYNOLDS HOLE



SABAOTH.

II. 10. 11. 9.

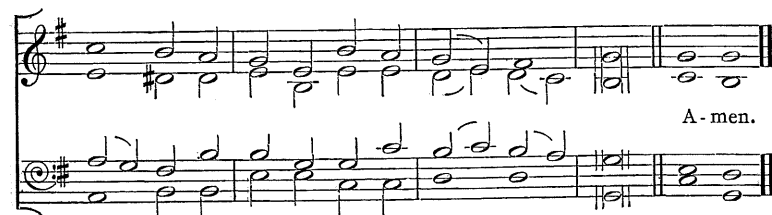
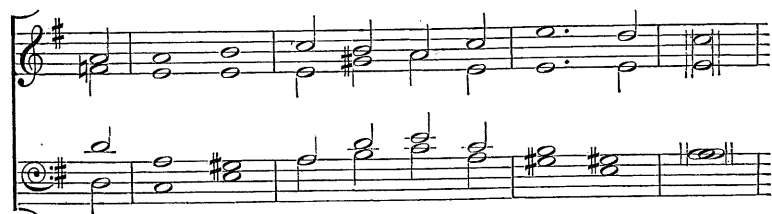
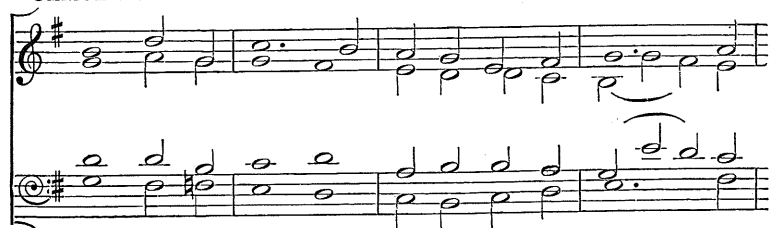
With energy—rather fast.

- 1 God the all-terrible! King, who ordainest  
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;  
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 2 God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,  
Watching invisible, judging unheard,  
Doom us not now in the hour of danger:  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 3 God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken  
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word:  
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken:  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

H. F. CHORLEY.

OMNIUM DOMINATOR.

Four 10's.



1.

*mf* FATHER, forgive Thy children come to claim  
The pardon promised to their grief and shame;  
Forgetful, thankless, in their wayward will;  
Father, Thou knowest, and Thou lovest still.

2.

*mf* Love warns and chastens, love rebukes their pride,  
Who in themselves and not in Thee confide;  
Though vast our armies, and our quarrel just,  
*cres.* Thine all the Power, in Thee be all our trust.

3.

*f* Be with us, God of battles, in this fight;  
Ourselves are sinful, but our cause is right;  
Be with our soldiers, arm them, heart and mind,  
*dim.* In danger dauntless, but in conquest kind.

4.

*p* Pity the wounded, be they friend or foe,  
And help their helpers in the hours of woe;  
Bless all, O Christ, who do Thy gracious will,  
Bless the kind nurse, and bless the surgeon's skill.

5.

*p* God of the widow, soothe her sore distress;  
Be Thou the Father of the fatherless,  
And teach the mother, mourning for her son,  
To pray Christ's prayer, Thy will, not mine, be done.

6.

*mf* Inspire Thy priests with wisdom from above,  
To tell the dying of Thy deathless love,  
*cres.* To tell brave hearts that Duty, beaten down  
*cres.* And vanquished here, shall win the victor's crown.

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

EXSURGAT DEUS.  
With spirit.

8.4.8.4.



*f* 1 LET God arise to lead forth those  
Who march to war!  
Let God arise, and all His foes  
Be scattered far!

*mf* 2 So Israel prayed, and Thou, O Lord,  
Wast with him then:  
Be with us now, who draw the sword  
For war again.

*f* 3 Grant Thou our soldiers courage high  
When foes are near,  
*dim.* To strive, to suffer, or to die,  
*cr.* Untouched by fear.

*p* 4 Grant strength to those, who mourn to-day  
Their loved ones lost,  
Yea, those who give their best, nor stay  
To count the cost.

*f* 5 Fight thou for us, that we may fill  
Thy courts with praise;  
Then teach us mercy, teach us still  
The fall'n to raise.

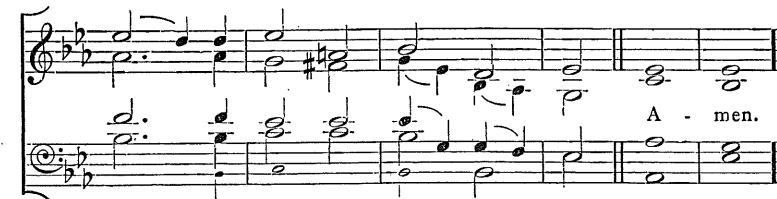
*Slower and softly.*

6 Yet more and more, as ages run,  
Bid warfare cease,  
And give to all beneath the sun  
Love, Freedom, Peace.

ARTHUR C. AINGER.

STUDLAND.

7.7.7.6.



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<i>f</i> 1 For the sunshine and the rain, For the dew and for the shower, For the yellow ripened grain, And the golden harvest hour, We bless Thee, O our God.	<i>mf</i> 3 For the hope and for the fear, For the storm and for the peace, For the trembling and the cheer, And for the glad increase, We bless Thee, O our God.
--	---

2 For the heat and for the shade, For the gladness and the grief, For the tender sprouting blade, And for the nodding sheaf, We bless Thee, O our God,	4 Our hands have tilled the sod, And the torpid seed have sown: <i>cr.</i> But the quickening was of God. And the praise be His alone; We bless Thee, O our God.
--	--

*f* 5 For the sunshine and the shower,  
For the dew and for the rain,  
For the golden harvest hour,  
And for the garnered grain,  
We bless Thee, O our God.

JANE CREWDSON.

HARVEST OFFERINGS.

*Foyfully.*

7.6.7.6. 7.6.7.6. 6.6.8.4.

*Voices in Unison.*

Org. Ped.

Harmony.

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*mf* 1 We plough the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's Almighty Hand ;  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes, and the sunshine,  
*p* And soft refreshing rain.  
*f* All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
*dim.* Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
For all His love.

*mf* 2 He only is the Maker,  
Of all things near and far ;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star ;  
*cr.* The winds and waves obey Him,  
*p* By Him the birds are fed ;  
*cr.* Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.  
*f* All good gifts, &c.

*mf* 3 We thank Thee then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food ;  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
*p* Our humble, thankful hearts.  
*f* All good gifts, &c.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS. Tr. J. M. CAMPBELL.

SWANAGE.

8.5.8.3.



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1.  
*f* PRAISE, O praise the Lord of  
harvest,—  
Providence and Love!  
Praise Him in His earthly temples,  
And above!

2.  
Praise Him, every living creature,  
By His goodness fed,  
Whose rich mercy daily giveth  
Daily bread.

3.  
Sing Him thanks for all the  
bounties  
Of His gracious Hand;  
Smiling peace and welcome plenty  
O'er our land.

4.  
Praise His Name that war's loud  
thunder  
Breaks not on our shore!  
Fields of harvest, not of plunder  
Yield their store.

5.  
*mf* Quickened unto life eternal  
Bear we heavenly fruit:  
*dim.* Lest, if barren, He reject us  
Branch and root.

6.  
*mf* Speed, O speed that glorious  
harvest  
Of the souls of men,  
When Christ's members, here  
long scattered,  
Meet again.

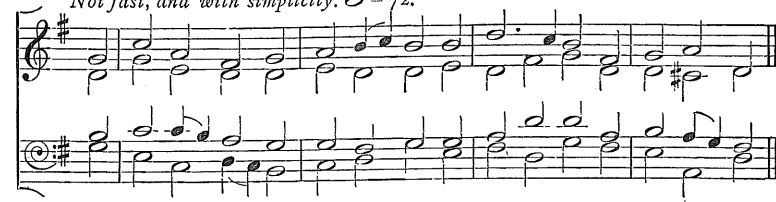
7.  
*ff* Glory to the Lord of harvest,  
Holy Three in One!  
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Praise be done!

J. HAMILTON.

WHOM THOU LOVEST.

L.M.

Not fast, and with simplicity.  $\text{♩} = 72$ .



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1.  
LORD JESUS who while here on earth  
The little ones didst fondly love,  
And teach that, e'en of lowliest birth,  
They're kept by Angels from above.

2.  
Thou Who didst gather to Thy breast  
The children which were brought  
to Thee,  
Saying that they are ever blest  
Who in their nature child-like be.

3.  
Thou Who hast taught us that the  
least  
Of these are precious in Thy sight,  
And welcomed at Thy marriage feast  
Are those who deal with them aright

4.  
We know not why the Father's will  
Appoints for them the lot of pain;  
Why anguish which His power could  
still [vein.  
Racks aching limbs and fevered

5.  
We marvel why bright infant days  
Should clouded be by gloomy fears,  
And children's smiles and genial ways  
Disturbed by moans or drowned in  
tears.

6.  
But 'tis the Father's will—Our part  
To soothe each little sufferer's bed,  
Brace feeble limbs, allay each smart,  
And raise the drooping aching  
head.

7.  
Blest privilege! for we partake  
Here in the work of Heavenly Love,  
And labouring thus for Thy dear sake  
Our toil accepted is above.

8.  
Vouchsafe Thy blessing then, we  
pray, [mend,  
On that which we to Thee com-  
Protect this House from day to day,  
Give to this work a happy end.

9.  
All praise from every heart and tongue  
To Thee, Redeemer Lord, be sung,  
All praise to God the Father be  
And Holy Ghost eternally.

ARTHUR PERCEVAL PUREY-CUST.

SIMPLICITY.

Four 7's.

Musical score for 'Simplicity' in G major, 4/7 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

*mp* 1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child,  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;  
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;  
Give a little child a place  
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

*m* 3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;  
Thou shalt my example be;  
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;  
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art;  
Give me Thy obedient heart;  
Thou art pitiful and kind;  
Let me have Thy loving mind.

*mp* 5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In Thy gracious hands I am;  
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;  
Live Thyself within my heart.

*mf* 6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
Serve Thee all my happy days;  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

PASTOR BONUS.

6.5.6.5. D.

Musical score for 'Pastor Bonus' in D major, 4/7 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

*f* 1 CHRIST, Who once amongst us  
As a Child did dwell,  
Is the children's Saviour,  
And He loves us well;  
*mf* If we keep our promise  
Made Him at the Font,  
*f* He will be our Shepherd,  
And we shall not want.

*mf* 2 There it was they laid us  
In those tender Arms,  
Where the lambs are carried  
Safe from all alarms;  
If we trust His promise,  
He will let us rest  
in His Arms for ever,  
Leaning on His Breast.

3 Though we may not see Him  
For a little while,  
We shall know He holds us,  
Often feel His smile;

*p* Death will be to slumber  
In that sweet embrace,  
*f* And we shall awaken  
To behold His Face.

*mf* 4 He will be our Shepherd  
After as before,  
By still heavenly waters  
Lead us evermore,  
Make us lie in pastures  
Beautiful and green,  
Where none thirst or hunger,  
And no tears are seen.

*p* 5 Jesus, our good Shepherd,  
Laying down Thy life,  
Lest Thy sheep should perish  
In the cruel strife,  
*cr.* Help us to remember  
All Thy love and care,  
*f* Trust in Thee, and love Thee  
Always, everywhere.

W. ST. HILL BOURNE.

## GOD IN NATURE.

7.6.7.6. D.

*Cheerfully.*

*f* 1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All creatures great and small,

All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.

*xy* All succeeding Verses commence here.

*mf* 2. Each lit - tle flower that o - pens,

A-men.

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*mf* 2 Each little flower that opens,  
 Each little bird that sings,  
 He made their glowing colours,  
 He made their tiny wings.  
 The rich man in his castle,  
 The poor man at his gate,  
 God made them, high or lowly,  
 And ordered their estate.

3 The purple-headed mountain,  
 The river running by,  
 The sunset and the morning,  
 That brightens up the sky;—  
 The cold wind in the winter,  
 The pleasant summer sun,  
 The ripe fruits in the garden,—  
 He made them every one;

4 The tall trees in the greenwood,  
 The meadows where we play,  
 The rushes by the water,  
 We gather every day;—  
 He gave us eyes to see them,  
 And lips that we might tell,

*f* How great is God Almighty,  
 Who has made all things well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

## ST. BENEDICT.

Four 7's.



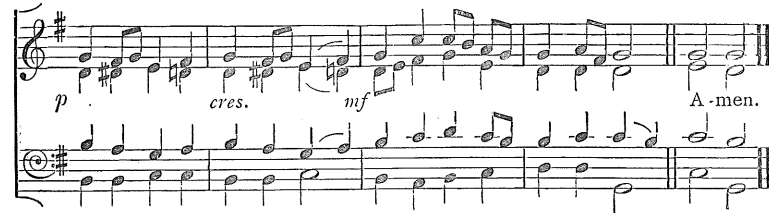
- m* 1 SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson,—to obey;  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 2 With a child's glad heart of love  
At Thy bidding may I move,  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace,  
Learning how to love from Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- mf* 4 Love in loving finds employ,  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- m* 5 Though a foolish child and weak,  
More than this I need not seek,—  
*f* Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

JANE E. LEESON.

## (AT A FLOWER SERVICE.)

## OFFERINGS OF FLOWERS.

Four 7's.



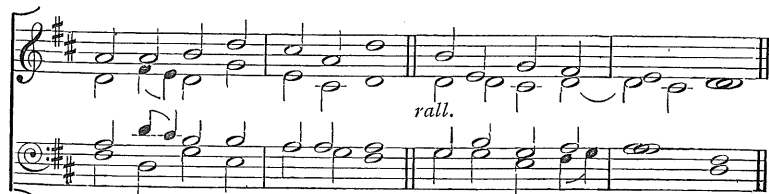
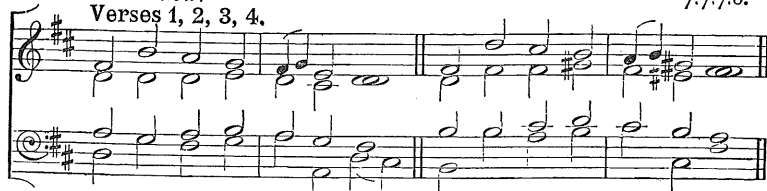
- 1 Buds and blossoms, flowerets fair,  
In the spring-time scent the air,  
Trembling in the gentle breeze,  
God's pure gifts our sight to please.
- 2 And when these their fragrance lose,  
Summer brings more gorgeous hues;  
In the garden, wood, and glen,  
All is sweet and lovely then.
- 3 Lord, Thy flowers, trained and wild,  
Gathered by each little child,  
Unto Thee we here present  
As their loves' acknowledgment.
- 4 Children rove amongst the flowers  
In their young unclouded hours,  
Singing as they feast their sight  
On the beautiful and bright.
- 5 But the sick, on beds of pain  
No such pleasure can obtain,  
Yet our children's offerings pure  
Give them patience to endure.
- 6 "By these acts of charity,  
Ye have ministered to Me;  
Jesus, speak this word, we pray,  
To us all, in Thy great day.

Rev. J. NAPLETON.



*Rather slow.*  
Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.

7-7-7-6.



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- 1 HOLY blessèd Trinity,  
Dread mysterious Unity,  
When we now draw nigh to Thee—  
In Thy mercy hear us.
- 2 Ever all Thy works proclaim,  
Glory to Thy Holy Name,  
Who remainest aye the same—  
Merciful Creator.
- 3 Wisdom's lessons Thou dost bring  
From the flowers that round us spring,  
Nature's bounties hallowing—  
Jesu, Lord and Master.
- 4 Unto all things fair and good,  
Life Thou givest, Who didst brood  
O'er the chaos dark and rude—  
O Thou Quick'ning Spirit.

Verses 5, 6, 7.



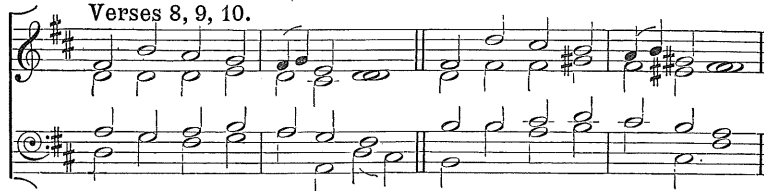
( 216 )



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- 5 As the changing seasons move,  
Lord, fresh tokens of Thy love  
From Thy boundless store above,  
To the earth Thou sendest.
- 6 At Thy bidding flow'rets bloom,  
E'en amid the darksome gloom,  
Springing from their wintry tomb—  
Source of Life and Beauty.
- 7 Thine—the spring-time's genial hours,  
Thine—to deck the summer bowers,  
Thine such gifts—the pleasure ours,—  
Lord of all creation.

Verses 8, 9, 10.



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- 8 Of Thy goodness, Lord, we sing,  
Gifts Thou gavest offering,  
For the sick and suffering,  
As Thou hast commanded.
- 9 Bless and sanctify, we pray,  
All we now before Thee lay,  
Love's own message to convey,  
Of Thy pity telling.
- 10 May they be to drooping eyes  
Signs of fadeless flow'rs that rise,  
In Thy sunny Paradise—  
Grant it, Lord, we pray Thee.

( 217 ) S. CHILDS CLARKE.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

*Rather quickly.*

8.6. 12 lines.

*p*

1. Thou, gra - cious Lord, our Shep-herd art, Thy sheep on earth are  
2. With - out Thy aid no pow'r have we To tread life's path a -

*cres.* *dim.*

we, And ev - 'ry thought, in ev - 'ry heart, Is known, O Lord to  
- right, For all a - round must ev - er be All gloom - y as the

*cres.* *dim.*

*cres.*

Thee! So grant that we, both night and day, May yield Thee per - fect  
night! So, in Thy lov - ing mer - cy, guide Our foot - steps, we im -

*cres.*

*mf* *dim.*

love, And all the laws on earth o - bey Thou  
- plore; With ho - ly thoughts our hearts pro - vide From

*mf* *dim.*

*p*

send - est from a - bove! } Thou, gracious Lord, our Shepherd art, Thy  
out Thy boundless store! }

*cres.* *dim.*

chil - dren here be - hold, And shew the way, when we would stray, All

*cres.* *dim.*

*rall.* *Slow.*

safe - ly to the Fold, all safe ly to the Fold! A - men.  
*Slow.* E. OXFENFORD.

*rall.*

IN MEMORIAM.

8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.



- 1 THERE'S a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A Friend Who never changes,  
Whose love will never die ;  
Our earthly friends may fail us,  
And change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
Of that dear Name He bears.
- 2 There's a rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the Blessèd Saviour,  
And to the Father cry ;  
A rest from every turmoil,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.
- 3 There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy ;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare ;  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier, there.
- 4 There's a crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus  
Shall wear it by and by ;  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On those who found His favour  
And loved His Name below.
- 5 There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually ;  
A song which even Angels  
Can never, never sing ;  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship Him as King.
- 6 There's a robe for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And a harp of sweetest music,  
And palms of victory.  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone ;  
Lord, grant Thy little children  
To know Thee as their own.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

KIND SHEPHERD.

8.6.8.4.

Musical score for 'Kind Shepherd' in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is the main melody. The second system includes dynamics *mf*, *p*, and *pp*. The third system is labeled 'Alternative Harmony when Voices sing the Melody only.' and includes dynamics *p* and *cres.*. The fourth system includes dynamics *mf*, *dim.*, *p*, *pp*, and ends with 'A-men.'

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 KIND Shepherd, see, Thy little lamb<br/>Comes very tired to Thee;<br/>O fold me in Thy loving arms,<br/>And smile on me.</p> <p>2 I've wandered from Thy fold to-day,<br/>And would not hear Thee call,<br/>And, oh, I was not happy then,<br/>Nor glad at all.</p> <p>5 But now, dear Jesus, let me lay,<br/>My head upon Thy breast;<br/>I am too tired to tell Thee more,<br/>Thou know'st the rest.</p> | <p>3 I want, dear Saviour, to be good,<br/>And follow close to Thee,<br/>Through flowing meads and pastures green,<br/>And happy be.</p> <p>4 Thou kind good Shepherd, in Thy fold<br/>I evermore would keep,<br/>In morning's light, or evening's shade,<br/>And while I sleep.</p> |
|--|--|

H. P. HAWKINS.

UP IN HEAVEN.

FOR SOPRANO VOICES ONLY. (Not to be sung in Harmony.)

8.7.7.5.

Musical score for 'Up in Heaven' in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamics *mf* and *cres.*. The second system includes dynamics *dim.* and *cres.*. The third system includes dynamics *dim.* and ends with 'A-men.'

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2. And He loves His little children,<br/>And He pleadeth for them there,<br/>Asking the great God of Heav'n<br/><i>dim.</i> That their sins may be forgiven,<br/>And He hears their prayer.</p> <p>3. <i>cr.</i> Never more a helpless Baby,<br/><i>mf</i> Born in poverty and pain,<br/>But with awful glory crown'd,<br/>With His Angels standing round,<br/>He shall come again.</p> | <p>4. Then the wicked souls shall tremble,<br/>[rejoice;<br/>And the good souls shall Parents, children, every one,<br/>Then shall stand before 'His Throne,<br/>And shall hear His voice.</p> <p>5. <i>cr.</i> And all faithful holy Christians,<br/>Who their Master's work have done,<br/>Shall appear at His right hand<br/>And inherit the fair land<br/>That His love has won.</p> |
|--|--|

C. F. ALEXANDER.

Hour by hour.

*Rather quickly.*

*cres.*

Twelve 7's.

1. Hour by hour, O gra-cious Lord, Fill us with Thy  
2. Hour by hour, and day by day, Make us ho-li-

ho-ly word; Let us all, wher-e'er we be,  
-er, we pray; Let our sins with-in the past

Turn our will-ing hearts to Thee! Should we Thy commandments break,  
Prove, if it could be, the last! When life's ills our souls distress,

Do not, Lord, Thy flock forsake! Teach us henceforth to o-bey,  
Soothe us with Thy ten-derness; Watch up-on our sorrows keep,

And our err-ing footsteps stray! } Hour by hour, O gracious Lord,  
Till in brighter hours they sleep! }

Watch Thy earthly children o'er, Guid-ing us the goal to-ward

Where is life for ev-er-more! where is life for ev-er-more!

ev-er-more! ev-er-more! where is life for ev-er-more! A-men.

(EVENING.)

EVENING PRAYER.

8.7.8.7.

Musical score for 'Evening Prayer' in G major, 8.7.8.7 time signature. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs) and two systems of vocal melody (treble clef). The first system includes the text 'A - men.' and the second system includes 'A - men.'.

*mp* 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night;  
 Through the darkness be Thou near me;  
 Watch my sleep till morning light.

*m* 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,  
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;  
 Listen to my evening prayer.

*mp* 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;  
 Bless the friends I love so well;  
*m* Take me, when I die, to heaven  
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

8.7.8.7. with Refrain.

Musical score for 'The River of Life' in G major, 8.7.8.7 time signature. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs) and two systems of vocal melody (treble clef). The lyrics are: 'Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, beautiful river; Gather with the saints at the river That flows from the throne of God. A - men.'

1.  
 SHALL we gather at the river,  
 Where bright angel-feet have trod,  
 With its crystal tide for ever  
 Flowing from the throne of God?  
 Yes, we'll gather, &c.

2.  
 Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down;  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown.  
 Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3.  
 At the smiling of the river,  
 Mirror of the Saviour's Face,  
 Saints whom death will never sever,  
 Lift their songs of saving grace.  
 Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4.  
 Soon we'll reach the shining river;  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
 With the melody of peace.  
 Yes, we'll gather, &c.

ROBERT LOWRY.

IONA.

8.7.8.7. D.

*mf* HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing  
 On Thy children gathered here,  
 May they all, Thy Name confessing,  
 Be to Thee for ever dear:  
 May they be, like Joseph, loving,  
 Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;  
*f* And their faith, like David, proving,  
 Steadfast unto death endure.

*p* Holy Saviour, Who in meekness  
 Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,  
*cr.* Guide their steps, and help their weakness,  
 Bless and make them like to

*p* Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,  
 In Thine Arms and at Thy breast;  
*cr.* Through life's desert, dry and dreary,  
 Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

*mf* Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them  
 Holy Spirit, from above,  
 Guide them, lead them, go before them,  
 Give them peace, and joy, and Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,  
*cr.* May they with Thy glory shine,  
*f* And immortal bliss inherit,  
 And for evermore be Thine.

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

A CHILD'S EVENSONG.

6.5.6.5. D.

*Slow.*

*Slow.*

1. From the heav'n a - bove us, 'Mid the an - gels mild, Looks a bounteous

Fa - ther Down on ev - 'ry child. Faith - ful - ly He lis - tens,

When He hears it pray; Tenderly He guards it On its little way. Amen.

2 Bounteously He gives it  
 Food and raiment still;  
 Graciously He keeps it  
 From each threat'ning ill.

Of this bounteous Father  
 All the children tell,  
 He will not forsake them,  
 He doth love them well.

Anon.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

8.7. 12 lines.

Quickly and with simplicity.

*cres.*

1. We, O Lord, are lit - tle pil-grims, Wend-ing on our earth - ly  
 2. When we wa - ken in the morn-ing, Give us strength that we may

Quickly and with simplicity.

way, Press-ing on - ward, ev - er on - ward, Hour by  
 keep In Thy ho - ly ways till sha - dows Bring the

hour, and day by day! Great and ma - ny are the dangers That up -  
 hours of rest and sleep! Then, O Lord, our pray'rs as - cend-ing In Thy

- on our road we see, But we pass them all un - heed-ed, For we  
 realms of glo - ry hear, And, while night the earth o'er-covers, Watch a -

put our trust in Thee! } We, O Lord, are lit - tle  
 - bove us, Sa - viour dear! }

pil-grims, Bless our jour - ney, we im - plore, That, o'er -

- com-ing ev - 'ry dan-ger, We may reach the gold-en shore! A-men.  
 E. OXFENFORD.



THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

8.6.8.6. D.

*Slow.* *p* *cres.* *dim.*

1. There is a land where all is bright And beau - ti - ful and

*Slow.*  $\text{♩} = 60.$  *p* *cres.* *dim.*

*cres.* *dim.*

fair, . . Where day is nev - er dimm'd by night, . . And

*cres.* *dim.*

*pp*

all un - known is . . care; The flow'rets nev - er droop and

*pp*

*cres.* *mf*

die . . Up - on that gold - en shore, The

*cres.* *mf*

*p* *rall.*

songsters' joy - ous me - lo - dy Resounds for ev - er - more! A - men.

*p* *rall.*

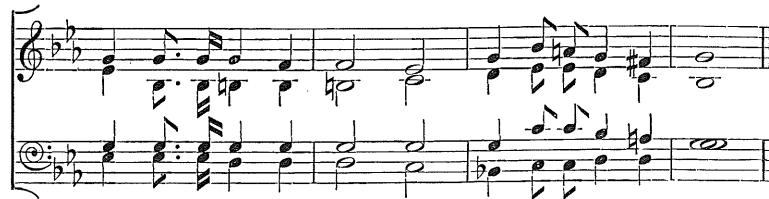
2 O where is found that beauteous land?  
It lies in realms above,  
Where Jesus, 'mid the angel-band,  
Dispenses deeds of love!  
All those who serve their Saviour well  
Shall reach the golden shore,  
And 'mid the happy angels dwell  
With God for evermore!

3 So, little children, ever pray  
That ye may go aright,  
And keep within God's holy way  
Throughout the day and night.  
Then ye shall see, when life is o'er,  
All beautiful and fair,  
The land that has a golden shore,  
And dwell for evermore!

E. OXFENFORD.

## JOY BELLS.

7.6.7.6. D. with Refrain.



*mf* 1 Joy bells are sounding sweetly,  
Waking the new-born year,  
O that some heavenly music,  
Listening, my heart may hear!  
*mp* Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus,  
Over my life's dark sea,  
*m* "Be not afraid, beloved,  
Trust the New Year to Me;  
*f* Trust in My love for ever;  
Trust till life's day is o'er;  
Trust till the New Year's morning  
Breaks on the heavenly shore."

*m* 2 Saviour, with Thee communing,  
Life has no fears for me;  
Brightly this New Year's morning  
Dawns on my spirit free;  
Months as they pass may bring me  
Trials unknown to-day;  
Still shall the echo linger,  
Sweetly I hear Thee say,  
*f* "Trust in My love," &c.

*mf* 3 More of Thy love, my Saviour,  
More of Thy peace within,  
More of Thy perfect beauty,  
My heart more free from sin!  
This be Thy New Year's blessing,  
Better than finest gold,  
While on Thy word of greeting  
Faith can keep fast her hold:  
*f* "Trust in My love," &c.

4 Onward with step more steadfast,  
Upward with stronger flight,  
Upward to love's own country,  
Heavenward to God's own light!  
*m* Jesus, in Thee abiding,  
Years cannot fly too fast,  
Death cannot touch my spirit,  
Hearing Thy voice at last:  
*f* "Trust in My love," &c.

## CHILDREN'S OFFERINGS.

Cheerfully.

7-7-5. D.

1st VOICE. *mf* *cres.*

Beau-teous are the flowers of earth, Flowers we bring with ho-ly mirth, ..

2nd VOICE. *ad lib.* *mf* *cres.*

Beau-teous are the flowers of earth Flowers we bring with ho-ly mirth, ..

*mf* *cres.*

*f* *mf*

Bright and sweet and gay; Will our Fa-ther deign to own

Bright and sweet and gay; Will our Fa-ther deign to own

*f* *mf*

*dim.* *p*

Gifts we lay be-fore His Throne, On this hap-py day? A-men.

*dim.* *p*

Gifts we lay be-fore His Throne, On this hap-py day? A-men.

*dim.* *p*

## CHILDREN'S OFFERINGS.

2.  
Yes, He will; for all things bright  
Are most precious in His sight,  
And He loves to see  
Children come with flowers for Him,  
Whom the flaming Seraphim  
Worship ceaselessly.

3.  
Yes, He will; for children's love  
Makes this world like Heaven above,  
Where no evil reigns,  
And where all unite to bring  
Purest offerings, and sing  
Love's unending strains.

4.  
Yes, He will; for hearts that turn  
To the sick and poor, and learn  
How to make them glad,  
Shine like beacons on the strand  
Of the far-off, happy land,  
To the lost and sad.

5.  
So our lowly gifts to Thee,  
Lord of earth and sky and sea,  
Thou wilt kindly take;  
Every little flower we bring,  
Every simple hymn we sing,  
And not one forsake.

6.  
O how poor and weak we are,  
Yet the tiniest silver star  
Thou dost own as Thine;  
And the little birds that fly  
Through the blue and golden sky  
Know Thy touch Divine.

12.  
Beauteous are the flowers of earth,  
Flowers we bring with holy mirth,  
Bright and sweet and gay;  
Father, Son, and Spirit, own  
Gifts we lay before Thy Throne,  
On this happy day.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

7.  
So we come, for, more than they.  
We are Thine, as day by day,  
Thou for us dost care;  
Thine own children, Thou wilt take  
All we bring, for Jesus' sake,  
Gift, and hymn, and prayer.

8.  
Flowers about the Font we place,  
Symbols of baptismal Grace,  
Lilies, fair and white;  
Holy Spirit, keep us pure,  
Strong and steadfast to endure,  
In the daily fight.

9.  
Flowers upon the Altar rest,  
Where the Offering most blest  
By the Priest is made;  
Whence Christ's Body and His Blood  
Holy Bread and cleansing Flood,  
Come for sinners' aid.

10.  
Consecrate our gifts, to-day,  
Jesu kind, Thy children pray,  
Take them to Thy Heart;  
Thou dost little children love,  
From Thy Throne in Heaven above,  
Bless us ere we part.

11.  
And where'er these flowers shall go,  
Sickness, sorrow, tears, and woe,  
Lighten, heal, and cheer:  
With Thy loving touch restore,  
All Thy plenteous Grace outpour,  
Softens pain and fear.

